THE NUCLEAR DILEMMA OF THE WESTERN PEOPLES A REPORT FROM 4 EUROPEAN CAPITALS

COVER BY GABRIEL BASTIEN

The Canadiens: Montreal's grey-flannel hockey cartel

The one doctor in four talks back

MACLEAN'S

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A tougher new penicillin to fight tougher new germs

THE BEST NEWS hospitals have had in years is already out and may soon be confirmed. It's the development in Britain of a new kind of penicillin that seems able to lick the effects of "golden staph," which is formally known as staphylococcus aureus and which by any name is one of the most dangerous scourges of the modern hospital and certainly the most aggravating.

Golden staph is a *product* of modern hospital techniques. As better and better antibiotics have been developed and applied, weaker germs have been almost ruled out, but the hardy survivors have bred new tougher strains to take their place. Staphylococcus aureus is the toughest yet detected, and until the British discovery had proved resistant to every known antibiotic.

Its effects have been noticed for years in Canadian hospitals. In a Regina hospital from 1939 to 1948 more than half the deaths from pneumonia were due to golden staph. In a Winnipeg hospital 10 to 15 percent of mothers developed staphylococcus breast abscesses and there was a marked increase in skin infections among the newborn. By 1958, according to a report by Dr. Harding in Roche, professor of public health at the University of Toronto, the staph was so widespread that "the hospital (was) serving as a source of infection to the community."

Perhaps the most significant figures come from a report of the National Research Council's hospital infection committee published this year. In 45 hospitals, the average staph infection rate was 34.3 for every thousand admissions in surgery, 8.4 for every thousand in medicine. In obstetrics the rate was only one case per thousand, but nursery children were infected at the rate of 4.5 per thousand and pediatric cases at the rate of 2.3 per thousand.

The new penicillin developed by Britain's Beecham Research Laboratories and named BRL 1241 will probably be part of the answer. It has been tested against scores of the toughest kinds of staph resistant to other antibiotics, and in no case has the staph been found resistant to it.

But it will not be the whole answer. As Lancet, the British medical journal, observed in an editorial: "No drug or combination of drugs is ever likely to make hospitals safe for patients unless it is used in a far more responsible and intelligent manner than has been usual since antibiotics became generally available."

The real trouble is that the development of new and better drugs has not only led to the breeding of tougher germs. It has made infectious diseases less and less of a problem to medical men generally and less emphasis has been put on these diseases in training new doctors. Also, the new drugs have been so effective that hospital staffs have become lax about asepsis and antisepsis measures.

So that staph infections, although the worst examples of fatal sin, really only part of the bigger problem of prevention of all infectious diseases in hospitals. What is needed, epidemiologists agree, is strict attention to cleanliness and a greater emphasis on antisepsis in the training of all hospital staff, both medical and non-medical.

There is one further step that medical science can and probably will take — the development of a vaccine that will strengthen the resistance of people particularly susceptible to staph infections. Many research laboratories — the Connaught Labs in Toronto among them — have been working for years to make such a vaccine. Now the Federal Department of Health and Welfare hygienic laboratory is working on a new one. There are high hopes for it.

Can hidden credit charges be forced into the open?

HOW MUCH DOES CREDIT COST? Few small debtors really know, even though all buy now pay-later schemes and all small loans are governed by federal legislation. The price of paying later is hidden in a baffle of business terms — carrying charges, discount rates, insurance premiums — that serve largely to confuse the man who owes them.

Senator David Croll is out to make some changes. Croll has promised to press again at the current session for his Financial Disclosures Bill, which ground to a standstill before the Senate adjourned this summer.

The bill, strongly backed by the Canadian Association of Consumers, would force all lenders to say how much they charge for a loan in terms of simple annual interest.

They certainly don't now. In a week of shopping in an assortment of Toronto stores, I found out how confusing credit charges can be.

▶ In the Chesterfield Shop near Yonge and College, I looked at a chesterfield and chair on sale for $349.99 — it's say $350. A salesman told me I could have it for $35 down and 24 monthly payments of $16.50. Allowing for rapid liquidation, I pointed out that this was a total of $431 — that I would be paying $81 interest. This interest, on my unpaid balance of $315, was 25½% for two years. Oh no, the salesman said, consulting a finance company chart. The interest was only 23%. How come? I said. That's what it says, he said, looking again at the chart. I reasoned that the extra charge was some sort of insurance or that the finance company computed its interest on the whole price of the chesterfield and chair and left.

▶ At Simpson's, I priced a bedroom set at $475. With 10% down and two years of monthly payments, I would pay 15% of my unpaid balance in interest. But the surprising thing was, no one mentioned interest. The 15% was described only as a service charge.

▶ At S&B Appliances on Yonge Street, the owner quoted a $29 down payment and 24 payments of $10.96 for a hi-fi set listed at $229. Credit here would cost me 31½% of my unpaid balance.

▶ A jeweler offered to sell me a $175 ring for $175 stretched over 12 months. He did his own financing.

That was the catch I discovered. With the exception of the major department stores (retailers "sell" the customer's note to finance companies — in Toronto mostly to the Gibraltar Discount Company, Seaboard Finance, or the Industrial Acceptance Corporation. Most salesmen simply read the payments from a chart and don't understand themselves exactly what you're paying for.

At the head offices of IAC, an officer who asked to remain anonymous told me his company doesn't charge "interest" at all. They just collect a "service charge" that covers their own overhead and profit.

"The public only understands the number of dollars they pay anyway," he said.

What about the banks? I applied for a personal loan of $500 from the Bank of Commerce. I was told that all loans were for standardized amounts ("to reduce bookkeeping costs") and that I would have to sign for $540 from which 6% interest would immediately be "discounted." That meant I would get $507.60 in cash. I would repay $45 a month into a savings account. That account would pay the regular bank interest but the insurance costs would be deducted — which would not top most of the interest. At the end of a year, the $540 I had saved would be used to repay the $500 I had borrowed.

Six percent? Since I had figured on $540 while I got only $507.60.

And even that 6% is figured in a different way from normal bank loans. As Jules Newman, a Toronto chartered accountant, explained it: "If you borrow $500 on an ordinary bank loan at 6%



SENATOR CROLL

and repay it in 12 equal monthly installments, you'll have the use, over the year, of an average of about $270 and you would pay interest on that amount. But under these personal loans you're charged on the original amount, so the true interest rate would be approximately 11%."

Will Croll's bill — if it passes (and don't bet it will) — change all that? Not in essence. It is not designed to change credit charges, only to bring them out in the open.

Meanwhile says Croll, "the consumer is being sliced up like a piece of cheese and he doesn't even know it."

—DAVID LEWIS STEIN

Bras for ten-year-olds / Credits for TV lessons / Music for toothaches

NEWEST THING IN LINGERIE young girls. In the past two years, teenage interest in adult underwear has become so great that six Canadian manufacturers are now supplying 1 in teen sizes. According to one expert from the foundation department of Simpson's in Toronto, "girls are bigger than they used to be." But some girls as young as nine are buying "starter bras" and some as young as eleven are buying panty girdles.

"ART" MOVIES may begin to make money if an experiment launched this month in Toronto works — a new kind of theatre. Toronto's is called Little Cinema. It hopes to attract a new kind of audience by 1) offering such improvements in comfort as seats four inches wider and four inches deeper than those of standard movie houses, 2) showing in each of its two auditoriums one movie a night, 3) keeping its prices down by *renting* premises on the second floor of a midtown office building. If Little Cinema works in Toronto, its backers promise similar houses across the country.

AFTER FROZEN ORANGE JUICE will come instant orange juice — dehydrated crystals that will take only one seventh the space of the frozen cans. Salada Shirriff Horsey will have it on the Canadian market as soon as they've perfected the necessary airtight container.

TEACHING BY TELEVISION is getting a big boost from the house they're teaching now on the CBC. University of Toronto program called Live and Learn. The subject is Russian and it's being taught on TV for the first time in Canada. The 13-in-and-Learn course is also the first time students can get university credits for TV lessons — though to pass the U of T's Russian 1A they have to supplement the program with seminars. After the first year of 48 two-a-week lessons, the university sold 400 copies of the course text and 1115 people phoned the CBC in one day to comment favorably.

NOISE AS ANESTHETIC is calming one in a century, announced by Philips Electronics Industries, more than 400 Canadian dentists said they'd be interested in trying equipment that plays loud music or just loud sound into the ear of a patient under the drill. The noise, in most cases, drives fear of pain from the patient's mind. Further anesthetic is unnecessary. Philips will put such equipment on the market this month. One imported device has been used by an Ontario dentist for a couple of years. He says most teenagers ask for Dixieland music, most adults like classics. Another change is "white sound" which resembles the noise a TV set makes when it's out of kilter.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

Diefenbaker's new Vision—agriculture—and his new Visionary—Alvin Hamilton

THE ISSUES on which governments in Canada are elected and defeated aren't necessarily those prodnged by their political rivals. The voters make the issues.

This truth has been firmly established in Canadian political history but an entail it is being ignored by the opposition.

While the Liberals and CCF continue to hammer away at the government's new anti-unemployment proposals, nonidentify aspecting to make them the issues of the next federal election John Diefenbaker has quietly switched much of his political concern to solving or at least smoothing over the country's complex agricultural problem.

If any doubts remain about the prime minister's genius for analyzing the spots most likely to burst his political balloon they should be dispelled by a closer look at the significance of the private shift in emphasis.

Only twelve percent of the Canadians of voting age still live on farms. But a close study of representation in the House of Commons shows that nearly sixty percent of its members sit for rural areas. The smashing of Quebec's Union Nationale electoral machine by Jean Lesage and the Tories' ineffectual political handling of French Canada since the 1958 victory have convinced Conservative strategists that nothing they can do between now and the next campaign will win back this key province. It will be mainly the support or loss of the farm vote that will decide the outcome of John Diefenbaker's next journey to the polls.

Superficially, there shouldn't be any problem for a prime minister who has spent most of his life championing the prairie farmer's cause. Diefenbaker was so perfectly attuned to the resonance of the west armer's long frustrations that in the 1958 election the three prairie provinces gave him 47 of their 48 seats. In return he gave them five voices in the cabinet (including the prime ministership) the largest representation the west has ever had.

The Tories have ladled out nearly half a billion dollars to Canadian farmers since they took office. Their various programs and subsidies will this year amount to nearly four times as much as the farmers received during the last year of the Liberal administration. Diefenbaker has even given his home province the economically checkful South Saskatchewan Dam.

Despite these efforts, disillusionment with the prime minister is nowhere more intense than in the prairies.

The leaders of many western farm organizations talk of Diefenbaker as if he were a traitor.

Why? What happened?

At least part of the trouble was Diefenbaker's choice of Douglas Harkness as his first minister of agriculture. A Calgary schoolteacher who had been a dour backbencher for a dozen years, Harkness began immediately upon his elevation to tell the farmers bluntly the kind of unpleasant truths they had never heard from Liberal James Gardiner during all his twenty-two years in the portfolio. With luckless courage, Harkness turned down the deficiency payment request so dear to the farm lenders before they could even properly present their case. In speech after speech he warned farmers to cut their production voluntarily if they wanted continued price support.

"People here voted for John because, they thought he'd change things." I was told during a recent visit to Regina by Alf Gleave, president of the Saskatchewan Farmers Union. "But nothing has changed. Our wheat problem is more serious than ever." Gleave and leaders of other farm organizations are also becoming increasingly concerned over the effect on wheat exports of the government's tariff increases against British woollens and cars.

But the most important reason for the prairie disillusionment is that Diefenbaker's messianic fervor instilled in western farmers the certain expectation that his election would make them richer. The natural sequence between lower cash income and higher operating costs has instead made them poorer, while farmers in eastern Canada have been improving their financial position.

When Diefenbaker last month switched Alvin Hamilton from northern affairs to the agriculture portfolio many people were astonished by the promotion to such a select post of a junior minister whose record before the 1957 sweep was six losses in federal and provincial campaigns.

They shouldn't have been surprised. Hamilton is ideally fitted for the formidable job of trying to reorganize the vanishing western farm vote for the Tories.

He's a good natured, cigar waving prairie politician with an unbridled enthusiasm that is frequently and understandably mistaken for naiveté. As official keeper of the Diefenbaker Vision," he did more than any Canadian politician before him to make Canadians conscious of their north. Hamilton has never owned a farm but for ten years after he became an orphan at fifteen he worked his way through high school and university as a hired man on five sections near Rosetown, Sask. "I worked hard to get off the farm because I had an ulcer there without a father to look after me. But I'm still emotionally involved in the farmers' welfare" he says.

The important political asset Hamilton took with him from northern affairs to agriculture is Roy Faibish, a young Queen's graduate in history and philosophy who has become the best executive assistant in Ottawa. He also moved the Canadian Wheat Board from the jurisdiction of Trade and Commerce Minister George Hees (a Toronto Tory) to the department of agriculture, and pleased prairie farmers who consider the Wheat Board the most important federal agency. The move also brings the supervision of grain production and marketing under one minister for the first time.

Hamilton is now engrossed in a basic re-examination of wheat marketing and product on in light of the prairies chronic surpluses and the precariously maintained world price. This year's wheat crop of about 490 million bushels could add as much as 50 million bushels to the existing half billion bushel surplus. Stiffening competition for Canadian grain markets and the increasing yield of western acreage will raise this annual carryover significantly during the next decade unless strong action is taken soon to reduce the prairies' 22 million wheat-growing acres. Canadian taxpayers now shell out fifty million dollars a year just to store the unsold wheat.

Hamilton won't admit it officially but his experts are now working on a plan to take from two to four million marginal acres out of cereal production. Some of this land will be diverted to oil-bearing seed crops and it is hoped that the government's new rural development program will help provide alternative job prospects to slow down the farm exodus.

The new ministry also has some startling agricultural "Visions." He wants farmers in eastern Canada to switch from field crops to the cultivation of trees. It's an idea that still requires much research but Hamilton feels that it would give farmers a guaranteed cash income at the same time as solving the shortage of accessible wood pulp expected in Canada by 1975. With the eastern farms busy watering his trees, the western farmer might then more easily be able to diversify his production. Hamilton also foresees great chunks of substandard land being taken out of Canadian agriculture for recreational uses.

Hamilton is confident that he can initiate his revolutionary agricultural policies at the same time as reclaiming the prairie vote in his party. "If Alvin succeeds," says one highly placed Ottawa Conservative, "he'll become one of the top figures in the cabinet. If he doesn't, we could lose the next election." ★



In the east, Hamilton wants to be Johnny Appleseed.

BACKGROUND

The last stand of the hairy-chested bachelor party

THE DAYS WHEN STAGS WERE STAGS have long gone from most parts of Canada. About the only harm that can come to today's groom on his wedding eve is that he's cleaned of most of his honeymoon stake in a bachelor card game.

Not so in Quebec — or not at least, among the Quebec police. A Montreal policeman about to marry goes through an ordeal by fellowship that can last as long as night hours. These ceremonies, perhaps the last descendants of the medieval charivari are called *enterrements de vie de garçon* which means roughly the end of a boy's life. They sometimes seem almost tough enough to fulfill their figurative purpose literally.

Here's what happened to one young clerk in the identification bureau of the Montreal police two days before his wedding. As he finished his shift at four o'clock, he was lured into a cell. Three constables slipped it behind him and locked the door. Two of them tackled him, stripped him of his uniform and dressed him in prison clothes. The third handcuffed his wrists and shackled his ankles.

Three other constables dressed in the blank robes and pointed hoods of Dark Age executioners took him from his cell into Champ de Mars, Montreal's parade square, where they hoisted him on the back of a pickup truck on which a gallows had been built. A noose was draped round his neck, and the truck moved off, followed by a horn blaring cavalcade of a dozen cars decorated in purple and black.

For eighteen miles the procession wound through Montreal streets past the apartment of his bride and on to his parents' home where he was lifted from the trunk and forced to his hands and knees at the pavement.

An executioner rang the doorbell. The bridegroom's mother answered. The groom begged forgiveness "for all the trouble I gave you when I was young."

As he begged the executioners broke one by one twelve eggs over his head then washed them off with cold beer.

They hustled him back on the truck. The procession moved off to Place Jacques Cartier in the city's waterfront section for a second floor left the handcuffs and shackles were removed. The groom was pushed into a large and darkened hall.

At one end a dim glow illuminated an open coffin behind which on a high stool sat a man wearing a nylon stocking mask. From the shadows a sepulchral voice announced that the man in the mask was the King of the Indies. "You'll drink to the King." The mortuary was handed a paper cup of gin. As he raised it to drink the rug was jerked from under him.

Hands from the darkness picked him up and placed him in the coffin. For three minutes the air was full of mournful dirges and screams.

Then the lights were turned on. The groom was lifted up, allowed to sing Let Me Go, Lover, and given his civilian clothes. He joined the crowd of seventy-five navy policemen and a few civilian friends.

The boy's life of this man had been buried. He was given a few presents — including $100 in fifty-cent pieces in a potato sack filled with sawdust. The groom or victim is almost always rewarded with cash the money left over from the sale of tickets at prices ranging from $5 to $10.

Not all the "punishments" of bridegrooms-to-be are as long or as tough as that of the young identification clerk. But this year a detective sergeant of the Quebec Provincial Police was locked for two hours in a cage with two squealing pigs and doused with beer; every time he complained, a third provincial detective was arrested. During his wedding rehearsal taken to headquarters, stripped to his shorts, manacled hand and foot and painted head to toe with watercolors.

Those *enterrements*, a generations-old custom, have for years been confined largely to the province's police forces.

But not apparently altogether. Last month a young lawyer walked into the headquarters detective office, grinning sheepishly. His friends had shackled him with a ball and chain and lost the keys.

—AL PALMER



A landlord talks back about his heartless tenants

WHAT TENANTS DON'T LIKE about landlords is as well known as what husbands don't like about mothers-in-law and often not quite so keenly. To hear tenants tell it, all landlords are tight-fisted tyrants with hearts of stone and inborn aversions to the human race. Well, there's another side — the landlords. Reuben R. Dennis is one of Canada's biggest landlords if not the biggest. He owns 25 apartment projects in Toronto and collects about $8 million a year in rents. Here's a partial list of what landlord Dennis doesn't like about his 4,000 tenants.

- they try to smuggle pets into co-op premises. Celebrities, says Dennis, are among the worst pet pests. A famous Canadian female recently brought two wolfhounds indignantly to Dennis's office after she'd got a polite reminder that dogs weren't allowed. Her point was that her dogs didn't smell. Dennis said he didn't say they did. "If we let one tenant bring in dogs, it'd soon be [one] a kennel, not an apartment," he said.
- they defrost refrigerators by chopping at them with pen knives, whacking them with heels or by putting the electric kettle under the freezing compartment, closing the refrigerator door and plugging the kettle in which holds up enough pressure to buckle the refrigerator walls.
- they turn up their TVs full blast three or so seconds after they turn them off, complain that other tenants TVs are too loud.
- they choose an apartment because its attractive and well kept, then hang laundry out the window to dry.
- they drop their keys down the elevator shaft, borrow the master key from the office and forget to return it, phone the superintendent at all hours to be let in. An exception was a young man who, rather than bother the superintendent, tried to get in through the milk box and got stuck at 2:30 in the morning. Police and firemen freed him by taking his clothes off and greasing him.
- they leave cigarette burns on floors and counter tops, break toilet mechanisms by cooling beer in the tank, secretly redecorate apartments. In one of Dennis's biggest buildings, a tenant painted every door in the apartment a different color and one wall solid black. An artist painted a mural over his bed which looked, says Dennis, "as if someone had thrown paint at the wall."
- they expect super service but they'll complain of the floor being washed if it means they have to make a slight detour. They complain of heels on floors, chow them picking steam pipes the sound of foun tains. The landlord's most dreaded tenant: a husband at home with a child.
- they leave all the windows open and phone the superintendent that they're not getting enough heat.
- they hold the elevator at their floors while they go back to make phone calls. They spy on one another (some backers use binoculars), squeal on one another, turn up late at the laundry room and throw out the days washing schedule; compare rates but don't tell one another how much.
- and occasionally, says Dennis, tenants lock their wives out in the hall. —ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

FOOTNOTES

About employee relations. In the banking and welfare division of the federal department of transport, anyone who has lock or more people working under him can obtain four or more copies of a questionnaire with items about his "job methods" and "personal traits" and have his employees rate him as a boss. Only four bosses have used it so far.

About Toronto the good. The federal government bookkeeping in Canada 1960 says Toronto has grown from 208,000 *souls* in 1901 to 1,358,000 *people* in 1959.

About hours of work. Canadians put in fewer than people in any other industrialized nation. An International Labor Organization survey showed that the average Canadian worker sat at his job 1,928 hours a year — just 56 fewer than the average American but well under the Englishman's 2,192 or the West German's 2,296.

About careers. J. Waldo Monteith, minister of health and welfare, is a chartered accountant. His father, who was a physician, was once Ontario's provincial treasurer.

About women in politics. Since the Indian Affairs branch gave squaws the vote to band elections in 1951, Indian bands have elected women as chiefs.

About rest. Don't take it all at once. Latest flash from the relaxing front is the findings of a German researcher. He says you're better off taking six pauses of five minutes each through the working day than one pause of half an hour.

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: In dividing the national income, let's remember it's national

As a piece of pure gamesmanship Prime Minister Diefenbaker's tax offer to the provinces is superb. They have been moaning for years about Ottawa's stinginess in distributing income-tax revenue, his bland proposal to get out of the distribution business altogether, and let the provinces get back to collecting their own taxes, was a wholesome shock to them. Whatever the provincial premiers say when they reconvene this month, they'll say it with more sobriety than usual.

There's only one danger that we can see — the danger that the prime minister might take his own suggestion seriously. It was a brilliant tactical ploy, but as a plan for meeting the cost of government in Canada it would be deplorable.

People seem to forget, nowadays, the reasons behind the tax-sharing schemes that have become so commonplace during nearly twenty years. When each province had to raise its own money there was a gross disparity in the burdens laid on individual Canadian taxpayers. Those who happened to live in Saskatchewan or Nova Scotia had to pay higher rates than those in wealthy Ontario, yet still content themselves with inferior government services. Ontario's happy position was not (as some Ontarians seem to think) a reward of peculiar virtue, skill or energy in her people. It was largely the result of having a large concentration of wealth, earned in all parts of Canada but accumulated at the financial centre, at the disposal of Ontario's tax collectors.

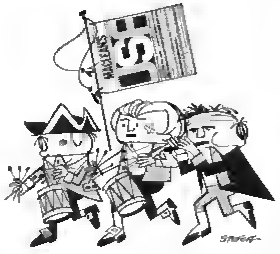
That injustice is now corrected by the system of "equalization payments" whereby Ottawa balances the difference between income-tax revenue per capita in the rich and the poorer provinces. This system is far from perfect. It is absurd, for example, that Alberta should be classed as a have-not province just because the oil royalties that make it the richest provincial government in Canada are not "income" within the meaning of the act. It's also undesirable, no doubt, to have one set of politicians spending money while another set of politicians must take the blame for raising it.

Undesirable, yes, but also unavoidable. Think for a minute what would happen if we took the opposite line, and forced every government to raise all the money it needs. Every little town and village would have to go back to raising all its school expenses. The result would be a return to the one-room schoolhouse in the country, supported by high taxes, and palatial schools in the cities bought by low taxes.

True, the Diefenbaker offer doesn't actually abolish the equalization payments, but even to freeze them at the level of 1960 would create the same injustice in the end. As the national income rises, so does the cost of government, a distribution that is adequate today will be painfully inadequate in a few years' time (especially if, as seems likely, we develop a National Health Service administered by the provinces). The national revenue, derived from the national income, must continue to be shared on a national basis.

The true essence of the question is this: Are we a jumble of Ontarians, Quebeckers, Nova Scotians, Newfoundlanders and so on, or are we eighteen million Canadians? If we are Canadians, then the welfare of other Canadians is equally the concern of us all, and all of us must help to pay for it.

MAILBAG: Why Maclean's should leave the U.S. to Americans and deal with Canada



I was thoroughly disgusted by the Nov. 5 Maclean's. If Maclean's is truly "Canada's national magazine," you would not print such trash. Let the Americans shoot off their mouths about "the grand old U.S.A." and let us have the Canadian magazines do their duty and inform Canadians about CANADA!—(Miss) Judy Riddell, Valois, Que.

✔ I would like to congratulate you on the excellent coverage of the American scene. As a nationalist Canadian I am appalled at the influence even as exercised by the Americans. However, as has been said many times before, we have only ourselves to blame.—Wm. J. Del Grande, Ranfe, Alta.

✔ A hodge-podge of superlatives with everything fighting for attention, which I think just about sums up the American nation you featured so forcibly.—G. Watson, Toronto.

✔ I think of all the lousy issues you have put out, this is the worst.—J. M. Cameron, Seeleys Bay, Ont.

✔ A new dimension. Congratulations and very many happy returns.—J. N. Rougvie, North Vancouver, B.C.

✔ Fin on you, Macleans.—H. Gillies, Toronto.

✔ This is an issue that should be read from cover to cover and will be well worth keeping.—C. R. Cummins, Duval, Que.

✔ I would (along with numerous others) be delighted in witnessing many more well-accented publishings of this our national magazine.—Nicky Hinay, Vancouver.

✔ I am sick to death of news about the United States. Having cut out the excellent photograph of a wood frog in the advertisement on page nineteen I have tossed out the issue. One hundred pages! How could you?—A. Read, North Vancouver.

✔ Why is your Nov. 5 issue practically an American magazine!—Goldie Johnson, Vancouver.

✔ May we not have even one Canadian magazine?—Roberta Trent, Montreal.

✔ How much did the Yankees pay you!—P. Powell, Hamilton.

✔ Your U.S. issue is so magnificent in concept and execution that I must congratulate you on it. I was struck—and impressed—when I put together two paragraphs from different stories in this issue.

From Richard Rovere: "Now, can I say that I regret the growth of mass society itself, for the alternatives seem to me unacceptable. I find a policy based on the compassionate fiction of human equality better to live with and to defend with good conscience than one based on a cynical acceptance of the truth of inequality."

From Hugh MacLennan, quoting Edward Epstein: "Can't you see it's a law of life? The average organism always satisfies its desires with the minimum of effort. Its most basic desire is animal comfort. AND IN AMERICA WE HAVE MADE THE AVERAGE MAN OUR IDEAL."

The conclusion I come to is that we are going to make the decline and fall of Rome look like a 12-inning ball game.—A. J. Scott, Toronto.

✔ A fervent Amen to Hugh MacLennan's "It's the U.S. or us" (For the Sake of Argument) and a sincere thank you for the only intelligent article in an otherwise bitterly disappointing issue. I had looked to Maclean's as something of an antidote to the slick American publications that brainwash so many Canadians so effectively. It would appear that my confidence was misplaced.—F. A. Hubard, Middleton, N.S.

✔ Your U.S. issue is a very fine one indeed but the writer of the report on Middletown U.S.A. on pages 30 and 32 must be a bridge player. Honest John Thingmarton is not raking in a pot with a timeless sweep of the wrist. What Honest John is doing here is deciding whether to call a bet made by a player not in the picture. You will note that he hasn't yet taken his fingers off the chip (a $1 chip) and I would say he probably has two small pairs. Honest John figures to lose the pot and the man looking at his hand should be asked to resign from the Wabash Club.—P. Stanley Havilin, Powell River, B.C.

Actually, Honest John has a full house. He's letting the man looking at his hand (and Mr. Hayden) think he has two small pairs, but we and Honest John know he's going to lose, and coax in the pot.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 79

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THE COVER

Gabriel Bastien who doesn't like a fight at a hockey game, says that he has tried to record the ferocity of expression he's seen during battles on the ice. In spite of the symbol in the lower right corner, Bastien—who lives in Montreal—says he had no partisans in mind.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom. 10, Hirschorn / 15, Will McBride. 20-21 Rhoe's, Jan Cornish, Newell Rankin. 18, Dell Rhoads, 19-21 McBride. 22 Jan Traviglia, Newell Rankin / 23 Allan Wachter. 24, Tom Hollyman. 26 Fred Dashwood. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33 Ivo Saganic. 22, 23, 24 John Scott / 34 J.S. Tom King / 36, Graphic Arts. 37 Jack Marshall. 38, 39 John Robert / 46, 61 Rhoe's, Fenson.

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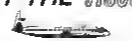
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Great new way to go places! GO TCA VANGUARD

Built by Vickers...powered by Rolls-Royce



FIRST THE VISCOUNT



THEN THE DC-8 JET



AND NOW... A GREAT NEW AIRLINER JOINS THE TCA FLEET!

Early in 1961, the most modern airliner of its type will go into service in Canada. TCA's turbo-prop Vanguard! As TCA's fleet of 23 of these aircraft is delivered, Vanguard Service will be extended to all main centres across Canada, to the United States, and south to Tampa (Florida), Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean. All Vanguards will provide two classes of service for every travel purpose and for every purse.

The Vanguard is built by the makers of the famous Viscount—Vickers-Armstrongs, a member company of the British Aircraft Corporation. Like the Viscount—and TCA's DC-8 Jets, too—the Vanguard is powered by Rolls-Royce, offering TCA's passengers in 1961 a truly great *new* way to go places!

VANGUARD

SERVICE BEGINS IN EARLY 1961



I'm surprised it's so BIG!

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How fast is the Vanguard?

It flies at 425 mph. Shows point-to-point times which are comparable with pure-jet aircraft on all but long-distance flights. And when you get to your destination, you can get off quickly. The Vanguard has two doors, each with its own built-in "air stair". Toronto to Montreal will take only 70 minutes, Vancouver to Edmonton 1 hour 45 mins., Montreal-Moncton 1 hour 35 mins.





What a wonderful view!

Flying is more fun when you can see out so easily. The big oval windows in the Vanguard are perfect for snapping pictures in the air, or for watching the changing panorama beneath you. Any trip is a pleasure trip on the Vanguard.





Is the Vanguard a jet?

The Vanguard, like the Viscount, is of the type sometimes called "jet-prop"—that is, it has turbine engines which drive propellers. TCA calls this type "turbo prop", to avoid confusion with "pure" jets such as the Rolls-Royce DC-8. The Vanguard engines are Rolls-Royce "Tyne" turbines.





And how comfortable!

That's the main impression you'll carry away with you. Soft seats. "Hi-Fi" music, restful lighting, pleasing colours. Your meal comes piping hot from one of two gleaming galleys. There are *four* roomy washrooms, with full headroom. Passenger comfort has been the first consideration in designing the Vanguard.



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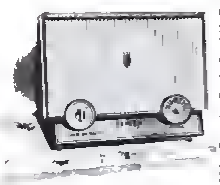
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For the sake of argument



STUART E. ROSENBERG SAYS

That 'religious revival' just doesn't exist

I'm tired of being told that we are in the middle of a great return to religion. I don't see the signs of a vital religious revival. In fact, I think that religion has to be saved from its friends. They are too busy with their "success" and have failed to speak out on or deal with the vital issues of our time.

True, church and synagogue memberships are booming, and new congregations and sanctuaries sprout all over the continent. Books, articles, even television programs devote special attention to matters of religious concern. The trouble is that everybody's speaking *about* religion, very few, indeed, are doing much *with* it.

A hundred million members of churches and synagogues in North America hardly make a dent upon the culture and mood of our age. Churchgoing seems to be just another respectable social habit we have picked up. Like the style of our clothes we have taken it over from the fashions of our time. But despite organized religion's whopping material success as the churches zoom in numbers, the moral life recedes day by day.

We fiddle and dance

Family life increasingly falls apart: separations, divorces and broken homes abound; the home rapidly declines in authority and parents become less authentic to children's eyes. While burning social and human issues go unresolved, we continue to fiddle and dance, mortgaging our search for bigger and better entertainment. Our best-selling books—like most other popular consumer goods—can't be sold without their lushly covers; their success depends upon outright downright appeals to our baser animal passions.

While these and other indices of the corrosion of manners and morals multiply, churches and synagogues seem to be going about their business as usual. They are frantically sounding no new tocsin, expanding their physical plants, busy beating the drums for their own denominational brand of salvation. On such grave issues as nuclear war, refugee resettlement, disarmament and possible political co-existence of competitive systems they are strangely ineffective if not altogether silent.

From whom I sit, the difficulty seems all too clear. Organized religion is ministering to organized religion. It is concerned with its adherents, *its* program, *its* organization. And it appeals to men to join *its* society much as one would affiliate with some club. It might even be argued that the current upsurge of interest in organized religion is really a symptom of the malaise, not the spirituality of our times.

For who seem to be the loudest supporters of the so-called religious revival? They make up a motley group of strange bedfellows. Here's a little list:

- Skeptics and agnostics of the Twenties who pinned their hopes on science as an answer to the world's ills and who have come to feel that they were sheerly ingenuous. With them are the disenchanted drawing-room liberals whose politics and philosophy made little room for the real world of Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito, Stalin and Khrushchov. These rebels against religion are now in revolt against their own rebellion, and are busily retreating from the harsher realities of life.
- Communophobes, who find security in the "shelter of the Lord" in the battle against an order of life based upon godlessness. Ironically they are now grouped with large numbers of ex-Communists and fellow-travelers who once climbed their wagon to the Red Star but have since lost faith in the communist messiah. Their god has failed and they are turning for new cover.
- And finally that ubiquitous crowd of success-minded North Americans. They're not too sure of themselves and the sweet smell of success

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

DR. ROSENBERG IS RABBI OF BETH TZEDEC CONGREGATION IN TORONTO



Fledglings, by Harold V. Green, Photography Micrology Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

The Forest Satisfies Many Needs

Canada's forests satisfy much of the world's immense need for wood fibre in all its forms. Indeed, Canada is the world's leading pulp and paper exporter and supplies almost half the free world's ever-growing demand for newsprint. With a production three times that of any other country, Canada's newsprint mills produce every hour, day and night, a five foot ribbon of paper that would stretch from Toronto to Baghdad. Newsprint is the largest item in Canada's foreign trade, accounting for 14 per cent of all exports. In helping to meet the world's need for newsprint and other pulp and paper products, this industry creates employment and wealth for all Canadians.
THE PULP & PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA.



If you need to lose weight read this

FACTUAL REPORT ON THE METRECAL PLAN

Clinical testing shows the Metrecal Plan provides weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from four glasses a day!

Almost a year ago, Mead Johnson introduced a new concept in weight control through a new dietary product. After extensive clinical testing, the product was released for sale to the public. It is called Metrecal, a name taken from the Latin for "measured and balanced."

Response to date has been outstanding. However, many people have asked for more information on the Metrecal Plan for weight control. To them, and to stress the physician's important role in weight control problems, Mead Johnson offers this report.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a "dietary" powder, providing protein carbohydrate, fats, vitamins and minerals in amounts necessary for sound nutrition. Mixed with water, it becomes a pleasant-tasting beverage of the consistency of milk. With the Metrecal Plan, each 8 ounce can, enough for one day's dieting, contains 900 calories—low enough to help you take off excess pounds, yet high enough to meet your nutritional needs while you reduce. Metrecal comes in three flavours: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

Is it safe to use?

Clinical tests show that the Metrecal Plan is quite safe when taken as directed. The Metrecal Plan is effective and well accepted by most people. Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme. Extremely overweight individuals, patients with kidney, heart and blood vessel diseases, and others who require special diets should always consult their physicians before trying any reducing programme.

How does the plan work?

The Metrecal Plan helps you take off weight because it gives you a lower calorie intake than is necessary to maintain weight. To produce maximum weight loss, Metrecal is recommended as the only source of food for the initial period. The tests have shown that excess weight disappears rapidly and readily.

To maintain a desired weight or reduce more slowly, Metrecal may be used as the total daily diet two or three days a week, with normal meals being eaten on other days.

Will it satisfy the appetite?

With the Metrecal Plan, four glasses of Metrecal daily satisfy most appetites. Because of this appetite-satisfying factor, and the pleasant taste, the Metrecal Plan is quite easy for most people to follow.

Is it expensive?

Definitely not. One 8 ounce can—enough to make a full day's supply of four glasses—is just $1.59 at your drug store. Thus, each Metrecal "meal" costs under 40¢, probably less than you would pay for food.

Metrecal is made by Mead Johnson, a leading manufacturer of pharmaceutical and nutritional products. It is a product you can trust. It gives effective, predictable weight control with sound, wholesome nourishment from just four glasses a day.

OVERSEAS REPORT

BY LESLIE F. HANNON



A. L. P. Norrington, vice-chancellor of Oxford, tells Hannon that he supports a tough screening to keep dullards from cluttering colleges.

Are British 11-year-olds being made second-class citizens?

OXFORD — At the tender age of eleven, more than half a million children in Britain's forty thousand state schools are undergoing an experience that in Canada would probably bring the earnest ladies of the Children's Aid at the double.

They are taking the first stage of the Eleven Plus, an examination that will literally shape the course of their lives. If they fail they are marked down as the artisans, laborers and misfits of the future. If they pass they are on the road that leads to a free university education and a professional career.

For fifteen years now this dramatic and traumatic sorting out has taken place in the state school system in the name of equal opportunity for all. There's nothing wrong with the aim, but the examination has aroused one of the longest and bitterest controversies in the welfare state. Thousands of households at this time of year begin to suffer from what is often called the Eleven Plus Neurosis. The director of education for Leicestershire, S. C. Mason, reported after last year's examination that he knew of a father who had refused to speak to his daughter for three months after she failed. The secretary of the Christian Economic and Social Research Foundation, the Rev. H. S. Goodwin, says the Eleven Plus, with its frightful consequences, is a great tyranny. The strain is undoubtedly there, especially for parents who are ambitious for their children, for with minor exceptions there is no second chance for a child who fails the examination, unless his parents can pay the high fees of one of the country's five thousand independent or public schools and can find a place for him among them.

Apart from the national jitters the Eleven Plus causes, it is achieving its lofty aim. Here in Oxford at the top of the tree of learning, I asked dons and administrators what kind of students had come to them during the past seven or eight years through the door of the Eleven Plus. Were the thousand year-old traditions being shattered by the massive entry of greengrocers' sons? How were the boys with London or Manchester accents comparing academically with the chaps from Winchester and Wellington?

Even though seventy-five percent of the nine thousand undergraduates are now receiving state assistance, it appears that they slip into Oxford's deep pools without a ripple. They move up to Oxford rather than drag Oxford down to Oswaldtwistle. Vice-Chancellor A. L. P. Norrington himself is Winchester boy, could isolate only one regrettable factor: boys who come in with pleasing North Country burrs soon lose them and adopt Oxford's famous accent, which is, of course, monotonous and commonplace around the Oxford quads.

The lively Norrington (who hasn't got an Oxford accent) believes that state is much preferable to eleven as the sorting-out age, but he isn't perturbed over the fuss about the arbitrary cruelty of the Eleven Plus. Some system of hard-headed sifting is inevitable at all stages in a system of free education, unless standards are to be lowered. Norrington believes that a link of really tough selection results in the flogging of North Country galleys with many semi-literates. At one Oxford college, I was told that only one applicant in twenty is admitted. There is possibly a slight bias in favor of the state-school boy and against the public-school boy simply because he is obviously the former has had to fight for his place.

I was cautioned to remember however that the best of the public schools are still turning out by percentage CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



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The nuclear dilemma of the Western peoples

A REPORT FROM FOUR EUROPEAN CAPITALS

BY PETER C. NEWMAN



PARIS:

France divided over arming with her own nuclear warheads



BONN:

bitter debate, with a majority in favor of nuclear arms



COPENHAGEN:

agreement that Denmark is stronger *without* A-weapons



LONDON:

a swelling minority demanding nuclear disarmament

BECAUSE NO PUBLIC ISSUE IN CANADA SINCE the war has been more fiercely debated than the place of nuclear weapons in our country, I recently toured our NATO allies to report on their private and public feelings on this critical question. I found a Europe trembling under the impact of the atomic controversy.

The nuclear dilemma of the NATO countries is simply stated. Russia and her satellites maintain about a hundred and seventy-five battle-ready divisions within immediate striking distance of Europe's 440-mile Iron Curtain border. The NATO forces defending that border now number just under twenty-one divisions.

To make this ridiculously outbalanced position bearable, NATO's military experts insist that the Western troops must be equipped with tactical nuclear weapons — small atomic bombs that can be fired from fighter aircraft or converted artillery guns. They claim that these weapons can even up the odds because the Communists would never dare mass their troops for a frontal attack — they would present too convenient an atomic target. Also, nuclear weapons allow an army brigade to hold the length of front held during World War II by a division three times its size.

The discussion, chatter and plain argument sweeping Europe over whether such nuclear arms should be adopted has spilled over to this side of the Atlantic, because Canada must make the same decision for the army brigade and twelve jet squadrons it maintains as its contribution to the NATO shield. The division on this question could become the major issue of the next general election campaign. It's an open secret in Ottawa that the question has split the Diefenbaker cabinet, with Howard Green, the Secretary of State for External Affairs, resolutely leading the battle against the weapons.

My brief but intense sampling of European public opinion took me ten thousand miles through half a dozen countries. I listened to the unsympathetic arrogance of scientists, the thunderous platitudes of politicians, the mold-cloudy judgments of admirals and generals, and the sometimes unreasoned but emotionally strong pleas of ordinary citizens. I have returned with the feeling that those Canadians are wrong who insist that this country's hesitation over accepting American nuclear warheads is vigorously backed by public opinion in Europe. For every European I heard damning the existence of the bomb and insisting that his country have nothing to do with American warheads, at least three others told me, for various reasons, that they support their country's nuclear arrangements with the U.S., that they are not opposed to the bomb's existence or, if necessary, to its use.

This doesn't mean that the presence of the U.S. nuclear bastion in Europe isn't resented. Under present American law, U.S. atomic weapons cannot be placed outside U.S. control. Five thousand American troops have been assigned to guard the storage depots of nuclear warheads that will be handed over to NATO forces if the U.S. decides to go to war. Such a mission — emphasized daily in Western Europe's many Communist newspapers — has stimulated a considerable popular movement toward a vaguely defined form of disengagement that advocates the scrapping of nuclear defenses. There is mounting feeling, even in the countries that most staunchly support NATO, that the introduction of the intercontinental ballistic missile has made Canada and the United States rather than Russia's immediate neighbors the front line of World War III. Accordingly, there is a vocal minority, especially among the socialists (joined of course by the Communists), which insists that every country accepting current NATO strategy is in effect pledging itself to commit suicide on behalf of the United States. "Why should my family go up in radioactive dust as a lightning conductor — a decoy duck — just to divert Russian atomic bombs from New York and Chicago?" one German labor leader asked me.

A more typical point of view among those Europeans who oppose nuclear rearmament is that NATO's idea of nuclear deterrence was never practical and has now become obsolete. This is how a British Liberal politician illustrated the flaw in the deterrent argument:

Supposing I threaten a man with a gun and say to him — "If you move one pace forward I'll shoot" — he'll probably be deterred from doing so. I say probably, because it's possible that he won't understand what I've said, or he may even be mad or suicidally inclined. But at any rate there's a chance that he'll be deterred from doing what I asked him not to do. But if the two of us are sitting on a barrel of gunpowder and I say — "If you move I'll strike a match" — he'll probably laugh and dare me to do it. He'll not be deterred from doing anything unless



PARIS

On the Left Bank in front of Communist party posters "What to do? Most of us think it's just as dangerous to let de Gaulle have the Bomb as to depend on the Americans. The only solution is for everybody to give it up."

The nuclear dilemma of the Western peoples

continued

BONN

In the marketplace "Germany must always be strong. We don't want the Bomb but how do we know the Americans won't pull out! Then we must fight the Russians alone. We can't do that without the Bomb. But don't worry — we Germans invented the Big Bertha and we shall build something even better that will make the Bomb unnecessary."

he thinks that *I* am mad." Many of the nuclear opponents point out that NATO's atomic strategy was useless in saving the Hungarian people and is just as useless for the defense of West Berlin. Atomic weapons they contend deter the waging of total nuclear war, but not anything less.

A recent Pentagon statement before the Senate Armed Services Committee in Washington made headlines all over Europe. It was an estimate that for the U.S. to press her button and indulge in a major nuclear exchange with Russia would cost fifty million to seventy-five million American lives within twenty-four hours. Many Europeans have ceased to believe that in these circumstances any American president would dare launch his retaliatory forces to stop the invasion of an overseas ally by Russian troops. More important still they are convinced that the Kremlin has ceased to believe it.

"To be merely prepared for war is not enough." I was told by a colonel in the new German army. "The United States must be *believably willing* to wage war when faced with something short of the ultimate provocation."

In Munich I sat in a beerhall with one of West Germany's best informed newspaper columnists. "Look," he said, "this business of arming our troops with American warheads is perfectly simple. If we get them under Yank guardianship the Russians will have to make them available on the same basis to the East Germans. That'll mean Czechoslovakia, Poland and most of the other satellites will get them. Then other Russian allies will want them, and the first thing you know Egypt will have the Bomb. Then the United States will have to make it available to Israel. At that point, as the British say, the balloon will go up. That's why I'm opposed to accepting the wretched things under any conditions."

No such precise reasoning is advanced by the proponents of nuclear weapons although I am convinced they represent the majority of West Europeans. Their stand is a mixture of fatalism, economics and a sense of responsibility that will not allow them to support a policy that would force the Americans to carry the entire burden of Western nuclear defense. "It's no worse on moral grounds to have our troops firing nuclear weapons than it is to accept the protection of American troops armed with the same weapons," a German professor told me in Bonn. "We can't avoid nuclear destruction by *not* having the Bomb. Geography involves you in this terrible business, not whether you have the Bomb. Perhaps if we parade it around enough it will

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66





COPENHAGEN

Before the town hall "I don't want to think about the Bomb but I'm certain I don't want it. To have it would make us a target for the Russian bombers."



LONDON

At Billingsgate fish market "I say we should dump our atomic bombs in the sea. The more of them exist the more likely they'll be used. Get rid of them, I say."

"Dad was a big man with a face as Irish as the cottage in County Armagh where he was born. To think of Mother is to think of movement. She went through her chores like a small whirlwind."



My parents were deaf and dumb

By Doris Dickson

WHAT STRIKES ME is most unusual on looking back is how normal our home life seemed. I was fourteen and had left home to go to high school in Bracebridge, Ontario ten miles away, before it ever occurred to me that others might think it strange that we could talk to our parents only on our hands by signs and finger-spelling, that there would be special difficulties in raising five visible, lively children if you were totally deaf and could never hear them speak — or scream, or even that Dad's deafness would make earning a living for his family just that much more difficult for him.

It was in Bracebridge that I first heard my father, George Dickson, referred to as Dummy Dickson — a term that infuriated Mother, who took it as a slur on his intelligence. Dad, more philosophically, accepted it as intended, as a reference to his inability to speak. For my part, I was immediately enrolled in infatuation for a handsome schoolmate when I caught him burlesquing my gestures as I talked to Dad on Main Street one day. But such incidents were rare and had as little lasting effect as a transient breeze on a sultry August day, so warm and secure was the climate Mother and Dad managed to create even without speech.

As neither remembered ever having heard, they had never learned to talk. Mother's hearing was destroyed by scarlet fever when she was little more than a year old, and an unidentified ear infection caused Dad's deafness when he was still an infant in Ireland. Although both had gone to the Ontario School for the Deaf at Belleville, Ont., this was before lipreading was stressed there, and long before deaf children were trained in vocal speech as they are now. So we talked with our hands, using a combination of finger-spelling, which was accurate but slow, and large graphic signs, which were much faster but more open to misinterpretation. As we couldn't dramatize conversations by voice inflection, we accompanied them with exaggerated smiles and grimaces. I find it impossible to talk on my hands without these facial contortions, and at the end of a long conversation my face feels like taffy that's been pulled vigorously in all directions at once, and my eyes are tired from darting constantly from my companion's hands to his face to check the expression.

Dad was a big man, nearly six feet tall, thick-chested and broad-shouldered, with a face as Irish as the thatched cottage in County Armagh where he was born. Round and benign, his face was dominated, in spite of bashy red eyebrows, a shaggy red mustache and a hooked Irish beak of a nose (broken in a boxing match when he was young) by twinkling grey-green eyes that took in everything and revealed as clearly as words his interest, amusement, sympathy and, occasionally, anger. The traditional Irish extravagance of language was transformed in him into an extravagance of facial expression. When he was pleased his face was almost luminous with delight. As a visitor once remarked, no one could be as glad to see you as Dad, clapping his hands and glowing, appeared to be. But he enjoyed company and loved a good joke. When he was told an especially amusing story, his whole body would shake with almost silent laughter and the tears would stream down his face.

To think of Mother is to think of movement. She went through her housework like a small, determined whirlwind, washing and cleaning and dusting and baking feather-light bread and the best lemon pies ever tasted, clearing up the dull indoor chores in record time so as to have more time for gardening and berry picking and haying and other outdoor activities she enjoyed. She was small and neat, just an inch over five feet tall and usually weighing less than 120 pounds. She was a pretty woman when young, with brown wavy hair and big hazel eyes, and early photographs show her with what must surely have been a deceptively grave manner. Because mischief was much more characteristic of Mother than gravity.

For years she carried on a mock feud with Will Crockford, one of our neighbors, that ended only when he died tragically in a bush accident. One of her most successful coups in this running battle was the day she darted out the front door calling (she had a sharp, wordless call) and waving a piece of paper just after he'd driven by our gate. Since we lived ten miles from the nearest town, neighbors always undertook errands for each other. Will Crockford pulled his last team to a halt, tied his reins to the wagon and ran back several hundred yards to get Mother's grocery list. He was an agile man, and when he read "April Fool" on the paper he leaped right over the fence and chased Mother all the way back in the house. She could run like a deer and always won the married women's races at local picnics. For some reason the only joke on herself that she never did think was funny was the day a neighbor held her back in a race so that another woman won, and Will Crockford, as judge (and probably as instigator), laughed at her furious protests and gave the prize to the winner.

Fraserburg, where Mother and Dad lived for more than forty years, is a placid settlement casually spawned at the point where the narrow, dusty road that runs east of Bracebridge crosses the South Branch of the Muskoka River before continuing its seemingly aimless course through the bush for another five miles to a now abandoned sawmill on Pine Lake, where it stops dead. Lumbering was the reason for its early existence and through it and a kind of rough farming, about twenty-five families made an adequate if not lavish living at one time. Now that the lumber has been cut over, the village has shrunk to less than half its former size.

Dad and Mother moved to the five-roomed unpainted frame house on three hundred acres of farm and bushland a few years after they were married. There were already two children — Herbert, the only boy and the eldest, and Gertrude, known by everyone as Dinty since her high-school days. Three more daughters, Laura, Amy and I, were born at Fraserburg with no doctor in attendance but with the local postmistress to act as midwife. The three eldest children left home early for school and work so most of my memories are of a time when Amy and I were the only children at home.

We learned sign language as naturally as other children learn to speak, by imitating our parents. None of us remembers learning it as none of us remembers learning vocal speech. Grandma Dickson lived with the family when Herb and Dinty were small and perhaps she taught them to speak and they taught the rest of us. But if so, the Irish accent left by the wayside. More likely we learned from our neighbors. At family gatherings when Mother and Dad were alive, there would be a great confusion of finger spelling, signs and talking all at once as one or another of us tried to keep our parents up to date with the faster vocal conversations going on around them. Often a story started vocally would be switched in mid-sentence to the sign language we could all follow.

Although we talked quickly and easily on our hands, this method of communication did have some drawbacks. We had to stop all other activity to talk. There could be no girlish confidences over the dishpan, at least not without the water growing cold. We couldn't call to our parents from a distance or eavesdrop unobtrusively on adult conversations if we were close enough to read the signs we were close enough to be seen. Mother easily foiled any attempt at conning or whining on the part of her children if she said "no" and we continued to plead, she'd turn her back on us. Or shut her eyes. It was very frustrating. As from an adolescent's point of view was the fact that there was no way of dropping seemingly inadvertent remarks or sulky phrases. How can you pretend a word slipped out accidentally if you have to tap your mother on the shoulder first to make sure she's looking? Like most women of her generation, Mother would have preferred to avoid all talks about the birds and the bees, and I remember these discussions as being mercifully rare. For some things the sign language is embarrassingly blunt.

I think what made life with deaf parents seem so normal was that the community accepted them so wholeheartedly. Several of our neighbors took the trouble to learn the finger alphabet to talk to them. CONTINUED ON PAGE 68



THE SECOND COMING OF

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Once an internationally celebrated novelist, then forgotten, an unknown named Morley Callaghan is a literary discovery—again

By Barbara Moon

THREE YEARS AGO passing through Toronto on his way to Stratford, Ont., Edmund Wilson — the elder statesman of literary criticism in the U.S. — lunched with an old acquaintance, Morley Callaghan. As they parted Callaghan presented him with a copy of his eighth novel, The Loved and the Lost.

Wilson went home, read it and wrote Callaghan that it was extraordinary. He said it was "one of the high points of contemporary American literature." He said it ought to be read wherever the English language is spoken." He wanted to know when the book would be out. "It'll cause a big stir," he said.

Callaghan had to tell him the book had been out for six years and had been a flop.

For the last twenty-three of this thirty-five years as a practising author Callaghan has been dogged by a maddening combination of indifference from the public at large, absent-minded-ness amounting at times to amnesia on the part of the literary world and occasional critical transports that, like Wilson's, were too intramural to do him much good.

Then twelve weeks ago Callaghan's ninth novel was published. Called The Many Colored Coat, it is an expansion and reworking of a novella, The Man in the Coat, that won a Maclean's novel award and appeared complete in the magazine's April 16, 1955, issue. It is the story of a Montreal public-relations man who insists that society pause to acknowledge the innocence of a crime it has mentally children up to him.

This time Edmund Wilson read the book as soon as it appeared and phoned Callaghan long distance when he'd finished to say it "too was extraordinary," and he couldn't make up his mind which he liked better, the new one or The Loved and the Lost. He also said he was embarking on a major appreciation of all Callaghan's work for a late fall issue of The New Yorker. A similar essay by Wilson in the early Forties was enough to revive the fashion for Evelyn Waugh, a neglected English novelist. The Wilson piece might do the trick," says Callaghan with superstitious caution.

But even beforehand there are advertisements of a vogue in the making for Callaghan. It has something to do, of course, with the instant warm reception of the book by serious literary figures. For example, Albert Kazin, the most widely respected of the regular New York critics, called it "a remarkable performance." Erskine Caldwell wrote the publishers, Coward McCann, to say, "This is perhaps Callaghan's finest achievement."

It also has something to do with a kind of glamor that mysteriously begins to attach itself to a man so that people in the smart circles start talking about him. In Callaghan's case, memories are stirring of a fame he won in the Twenties and early Thirties as the most discussed writer in America. So Budd Schulberg, writing about William Saroyan's career, suddenly remembers that Callaghan, along with Ernest Hemingway, was a style setter in the short-story field in the Thirties. The intimations of a new *chic* are catching. So Ingrid Bergman's recent biographer finds it worthwhile to mention that the Swedish star had met and been admired by Callaghan in Toronto. And in New York a firm of hardboiled fame brokers, Celebrity Service Incorporated (supplier of glamor gossip to columnists, indexer of stars who will do cold-cream endorsements, purveyor of guests for interview shows), bets that Callaghan is getting hot; this week his book is launched, and names him Celebrity of the Day. The only other Canadians the outfit has ever found worthy were Wayne and Shuster.

When Callaghan first heard about CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

An interim report on the next Ice Age

For the first time a scientific task force is probing the mystery of the Arctic icecap: Is a new Ice Age coming or is the last one receding? This is Fred Bodsworth's account of the detective story unfolding on Axel Heiberg Island

WE WERE EIGHTEEN HOURS flying time north of Montreal and now at last the humpy jagged land mass of Axel Heiberg Island was lifting like a gigantic sea monster out of the ice flecked Arctic sea ahead of us. I was flying north with a party of scientists and McGill University officials to visit the Jacobsen-McGill Arctic Research Expedition, which was working here on the rim of the Arctic Ocean's permanent icepack five hundred miles from the North Pole.

It was eleven o'clock at night but this was mid-August and the Arctic sun was still high and hoppery in the northern sky, sharply silhouetting Axel Heiberg's tumbling rollercoaster skyline. There are broad regions of the lower Arctic as flat and barren as desert but here in the High Arctic we were in rugged mountainous terrain. And now as our twin-engined C-46 came nearer, I could see the thin white line of Axel Heiberg's central icecap beginning to appear. The island is about the size of Switzerland, but most of it is permanently hidden because its mountainous centre is buried under a dome of ice as big as Prince Edward Island. To study this icecap, one of the Canadian Arctic's largest, is the principal purpose of the Jacobsen-McGill expedition to Axel Heiberg. And it was the Arctic feature that I, as a fascinated and dilettante geologist, was most anxious to see.

Many of Canada's Arctic islands have gigantic icecaps like this, pushing knurled and sinuous glaciers down their mountain valleys toward the sea. An hour before we had passed within sight of the icecap on Devon Island. Now approaching Axel Heiberg, we would see another icecap on Ellesmere Island, fuzzy and distant in the Arctic haze on our right.

These and the greatest of all northern icecaps, the one that covers Greenland, pose a tantalizing and fascinating question. Are they the shrinking remnants of the last Ice Age, which 15,000 years ago covered Canada and the United States under a devastating mile-thick sheet of ice? Or are they a new Ice Age beginning, one that will again creep inexorably southward burying cities, driving all life before it as at least four past Ice Ages have done?

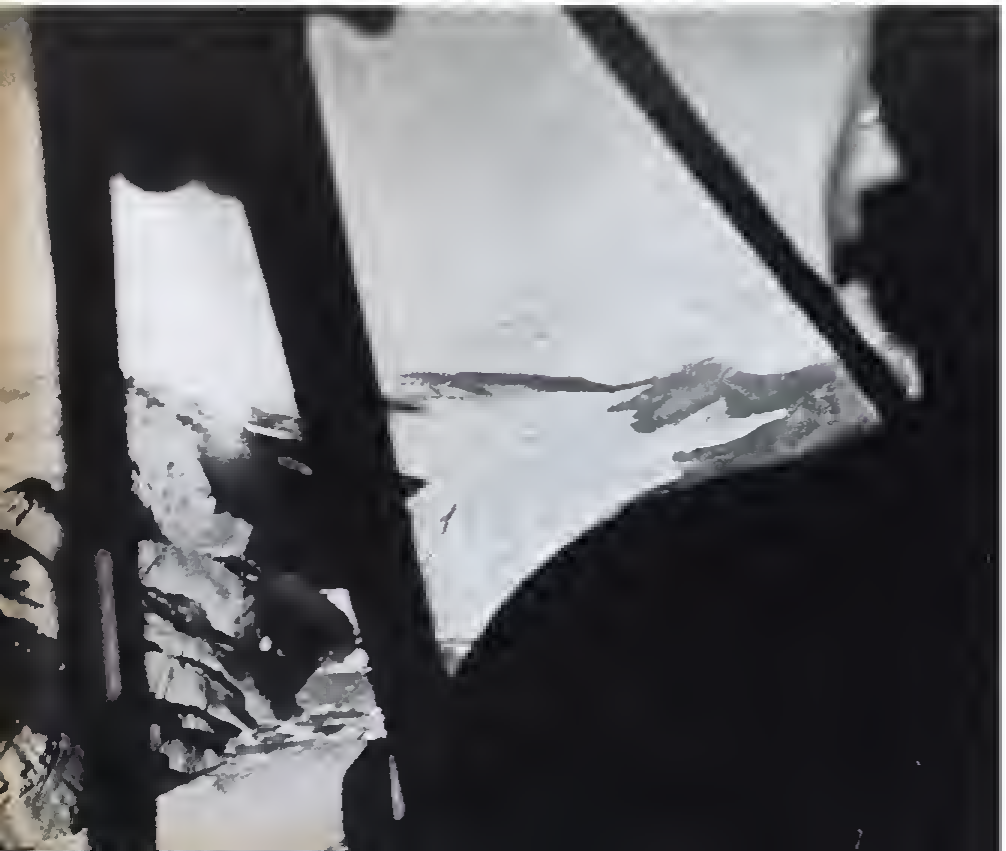
This question dominated my mind as our plane came in over Axel Heiberg and then roared eastward toward Eureka weather station on neighboring Ellesmere, the nearest landing strip. When we landed at Eureka half an hour later a midnight sun was rising again in the northeast sky without having set. From here we were to be ferried, one passenger at a time, to the west coast of Axel Heiberg, a hundred miles away, in a small Piper Cub especially fitted with soft fat balloon tires that permitted it to land on the mushy tundra beside the Jacobsen-McGill expedition's base camp.

When my turn came I squeezed into the little plane behind its pilot, Arctic veteran Weldon Phipps, and squirmed down as comfortably as possible amid gasoline tins and sleeping bags. The Piper Cub lurched along Eureka's rubbery runway while Phipps skillfully avoided the frost hoils oozing up from the 2,000 feet of rigid permafrost that underlies it, and then we bounced into the air. We turned west across Eureka Sound, passing over a chain of icebergs strung out like a shattered necklace on the water below, each iceberg framed vividly in green where its edges dipped underwater. Ahead again now was Axel Heiberg, a land warped by mountains and fluted battlements of red sandstone, uloven by glaciers and twisting fiords, its central icecap resembling in the distance a rumpled bonnet of white lace that had been folded and wrinkled over a head too small to fill it.

This time in the jolting Piper Cub we were to pass at low altitude directly over the icecap. It rolled up toward us over the ragged horizon in undulating desert of ice and snow fifty miles across and seven thousand feet above sea level. As we flew across its rim I could see higher peaks here and there protruding through the icecap, gaunt and wrinkled like walnuts sticking out of an enormous ice-cream custard — the only indication that a whole mountain range lay buried here beneath thousands of years of accumulating Arctic snows. And I wondered again: Was this the denying remains of the last Ice Age, or an embryo of the next?

The icecap frays like a tattered canvas at its rim and becomes a undulating maze of glaciers flowing like white lava down mountain troughs toward the sea. We began a long, gradual descent down one of its ice-filled valleys. Ridges and jaggy peaks rose above us now, crowding in on either side, vividly banded in red and brown sandstones and grey shales. Many of them bear black caps of hard resistant gabbro-diorite that shield the softer sandstones beneath from erosion and preserve their steep, rugged form, producing scenery that some regard as more spectacular than the Rockies. The glacier directly below glinted white in the sun, its sinuous pattern of crevasses and pressure ridges looking like ski trails in soft snow. Phipps gestured downward with his thumb and I could distinguish two white tents surrounded by meteorological instruments on the ice-surf ice below, one of the outlying Jacobsen-McGill research camps. Our first indication that men were living here, plumbing this waste of rock and ice for the earth secrets it could yield.

The Piper Cub lurched CONTINUED ON PAGE 48





White Glacier (left) is one of many flowing from the icecaps on Axel Heiberg Island, second northernmost of Canada's Arctic archipelago. Peter Adams (above), a geographer with the Jacobsen-McGill expedition, measures the flow of a White Glacier stream. To determine the annual accumulation of ice on the glacier, Rodney Andrews and Adams use a drill with a coring device (below). A blast is set off (right) at the centre of the main icecap to measure the thickness of the ice with echo-sounding gear. It's about 900 feet deep here.







Mrs. Robert waits on a Budapest street-corner pillar

I went back behind the Iron Curtain

"Actually I don't know whether it was better or worse. Oh yes, it was better in that we could buy everything, and the food was good and quite elaborate, and no one we knew had been arrested lately, and the people were gay and satisfied. That was just what bothered me."

Marika Robert's account of her return to the homeland she escaped 12 years ago



DURING THE TWELVE YEARS that separate me from the starless night when I escaped from Communist Czechoslovakia I often dreamed of being "home" again. They were sweat-heavy nightmares of streets adorned with party slogans, hard-faced men and women pointing their sickles and hammers at me; friends turning away from me in fright, menacing steps behind my back, and a stunned, desperate wondering: Why did I do it? Why did I come back? And how am I going to get out of here again?

This fall I decided to make the dream come true and return to Prague and Budapest, the two cities where I grew up. It wasn't easy to decide to put myself at the mercy of a state that doesn't recognize my Canadian citizenship. As a matter of fact neither my husband nor I was quite sure whether we wanted to go until the last minute and even then, when we happened to miss the plane from London to Prague, my husband was willing to regard this as a heavenly sign and retreat to the French Riviera instead. If it hadn't been for the efficiency of a British airport official who wrecked on expediting us to Prague via Brussels we would not have had a chance to find out for ourselves how the truth compared to the benevolent descriptions of some Western reporters and the horror stories of visiting expatriates.

The Iron Curtain closed behind us after we boarded a Czechoslovak plane in Brussels. It was an ancient two-engine contraption furnished with spartan simplicity and three passengers who gave us the shivers. Actually the white-slave merchant and his concentration-camp-warden wife and Al Capone's brother concealed behind the folds of the Red Flag (the Communist party's daily) were undoubtedly prominent citizens—or they wouldn't have been allowed to travel to the West. But not yet being used to the New Look of the present elite we found them frightening.

Lunch was a redeeming feature. It came served on a white tablecloth and was as fresh and tasty as grandmother's special Sunday treat. Through some miracle the plane didn't die of old age in the air and managed to land in Prague.

"Do you intend to stay here or will you visit Kosice?" a Czech officer asked me the minute my head emerged from the plane opening. It was a well-taken question for I happened to be born in Kosice, but the fact that he knew it without opening my passport before I left on plane I wasn't supposed to be on gave me a rather uncomfortable sensation.

No one bothered to open our bags. But they did encourage me to exchange some money.

"They're waiting for you with open arms there," the customs clerk pointed to the exchange office. We got fourteen crowns for a dollar. The official value is seven but Czechoslovakia is trying to encourage tourism.

And so I was in Prague again — the golden city with the ancient houses and the wide squares, and the past was calling from statues and bridges, from mountaintops and basement bars. Rattling along in the limousine I felt like a returning lover whose childhood flame had chosen the wrong path but now everything was forgiven and forgotten and all that mattered was that he was going to see her again. Has she changed much? Will I still like her, and will it hurt? I wondered in lovers' fashion. This romantic train of thought was soon interrupted by the prosaic reality that our luggage was not on the bus.

Before taking off for the Communist world we had been told that porters were non-existent there. This proved to be a lie. Descending from the limousine we immediately spotted two with impressive badges on their chest. They must be Heroes of Work, I thought (a treasured decoration in Communist countries). Unfortunately it turned out that handling lost luggage was not part of their duties and so they showed little heroism in that respect. Behind the Iron Curtain no one touches anything that is not part of his duties.

Since we couldn't find an appointed luggage-hunter after twelve years of absence we spent the first three hours in Prague in a waiting room waiting for our trunks to materialize without any outside help.

Eventually they did turn up. We piled them on one of the very few cabs and set out for the hotel. Here I received proof of the folly of my night-mares. Our friends did not turn away from us. As a matter of fact the minute we entered the lobby I found a blonde hanging around my husband's neck.

"A childhood pal," he said and I chose to accept the explanation. She was having coffee in the lobby and didn't want to believe her eyes when she saw him enter. Her husband had been in prison for five years. Now he was doing fine, she said. Having been in prison CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



She talks to a postman in an old section of Prague



In Budapest, she scans a peasant's wares. The woman is a rare Hungarian: she doesn't work for the state

In Prague Marika's friends preferred to meet her on the street rather than at their homes or in the hotel

Holiday Weekend in San Francisco

On the bay, along the wharves, at the street markets, up and down the hills, in and out of the Barbary bars and seafood restaurants with Robert Thomas Allen, who falls harder for San Francisco every time the scene changes

I had my doubts about San Francisco as I drove into it along the highway from the north. According to all reports it had no faults to improve on. I at once had my reservations in hell-bloom, and I was put in case within five minutes of my arrival when I was insulted by an Italian fish merchant who found I just wanted to know the name of a crab but didn't intend to buy it.

Dungeness? Dungeness! he repeated emotionally. He leaned with operatic gestures to a story. "How would I know why it's called Dungeness? Why am I called Louie? Because it's my name, that's why." He found out later that this kind of crab is caught all the way along the coast from Monterey to British Columbia and takes its name from Dungeness, Washington on the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

I ran into a normal share of rude, brash New York Manhattan-type people now: such evidence of bad taste as postcards from Alcatraz signed "Wish you were here—had a ton with a transistor radio at beside me in a Chinese restaurant listening to a ball game and learned that the suicide and divorce rates in this Latin Land are among the highest in the United States — a state of affairs attributed in part to the high rate of alcoholism. I began to reason that I was still in part of the real world after all.

It's a combination of Montreal and any old dozing beautiful California seacoast towns with the milkiness of an old breast nameplate thrown in. You get the impression that San Franciscans have been arranging things for their pleasure for a long time without pressure from puritans. In Mike's Pool Hall you can have a beer in quite of pool and a delicious, juicy three of roast beef on a roll and have them all at the same time if you want. You can go quite a bit that is not covered with chrome and leopard skin and lensed up with Crazy Hank and His Ukulele Five and have nothing but an espresso coffee served in an atmosphere of peace and dignity.

Although there's a big, grown up downtown area, the city is civilized right to the waterfront and South never far from mind in summer and good eating places. I parked the car for fifty cents for an hours (Toronto please note) and my wife and I went into A Sabella's Fish Grotto where we sat eating a platter of crab legs, scallops, prawns, oysters, shrimps and sole. All the while we looked out a wall-sized window at fishermen's Wharf, a funny thicket of ships' masts and seafood signs around which tourists shuffle toe to heel looking at souvenir stalls of postcards, shrimps, flowers and other tourists.

The tourists see very few San Franciscans — conservative, smartly dressed, gently snobbish breed who never say Frisco and have held out admirably against the soul-numbing Californian mind-slipping, mind-to-spirit contact. Even the Chamber of Commerce book advises women to wear small hats and gloves—shirks I'm right not for last night and the advice is ignored only by visitors whom San Franciscans pride themselves on being able to identify on sight. I became a rather smug member of the club myself before I left and passed a spot test given me by a photographer by picking out three tourists in a row. I spot their white shoes, pedal pushers.

I drove back in the street on which we'd arrived from the Golden Gate Bridge and took a room in a two-storey motel with many gadgetful modern conveniences but Mosaic including an arrangement whereby I was automatically blown by a strong breeze as soon as I closed the bathroom door. For two days I searched for the switch to turn the thing off but couldn't find it.

I left my wife writing letters and set out to see San Francisco the way I like to see a town, asking around about without any idea where I'm going. I had regretfully rejected a list of things I didn't want to see: Candlestick Park (home of the New York Giants), Seal Rocks (where you can see seals on rocks), Coit Tower (a tower) on top of Telegraph Hill (a hill). The Cow Palace (unless Bobo Olsen was going to appear) there which he wasn't) and inward parks and islands. I vanished with astonishment as a Negro nondriver got out of a cable car that looked like something out of Hans Christian Andersen, put his back against it and shoved it around until it faced the opposite direction for the return trip. I had to open-faced crab sandwich on a French roll at a deli in the mall called Frank Pompei's Italianate Bistro. It was so delicious it nearly made me swoon.

Back on a wide thoroughfare called Lombard Street I came to my first hill. When you see a car climbing up in San Francisco hill you can hardly believe your eyes. I drove these hills myself later. When you start up you sit back as if you were in a cable car. There are many runaway cars a month in San Francisco and there's a stiff line of cars don't park properly, which are clamped against the curb. Sinking up the main grade I

I walked the Lombard hill and it was just like walking upstairs. I stopped halfway up for breath, watched some paper plates being shied into a treetop by a couple of boys, then kept walking. When I reached the top I was eleven floors up on top of a windy paved hill looking down on Alcatraz. A fresh wind was blowing from the Golden Gate and the sun sparkled off whitecaps. Alcatraz looked lonely and lifeless. In a moment of inveiglation I realized that with a bit of bad luck a lot of us could spend our lives looking at San Francisco from the wrong direction and started off very much conscious of being free to turn in any direction and reflecting that just being a unit of mind south as opposed to Lilliput Gulliver Beautiful.

There was a road spiraling down in front of me like a corkscrew at an incredible angle, marked by a sign: "Slow to 5 mph." I noticed that the people in the few cars approaching it with out-of-state licenses (one was from Alberta) took the drop while I stood there; I made jokes to big lender than usual; at least the men did; the women just sat there looking petrified. I distinctly heard one little girl in a back seat say Daddy nosed over say "My God!"

I started down the hill with my feet pointing inward in a distinct and confusing pin-shaped intersection and dropped in to a bar for a rest. I had a cup of espresso coffee and sat there reading the titles on the jukebox. They were all selections from opera. I started to make a list but I began to have a hard time deciding whether I'm belonged to whether opera. The humanities came out from behind the bar and went through them as easily as a ball fan giving batting averages. He stopped only once to turn to an old beezer reading a newspaper.

Hey Joe" he called. "What's La donna e mobile from?

"Rigoletto" the barfly said without looking up.

When I left with warm invitations to come again I walked Vallejo and Grant which I knew to be deep in beatnik territory. That is an area of cluttered narrow rather murky streets lined by a hodge podge of things, both junk and stores and sandal shops and visited by tourists at their worst. I saw one woman peering across the street at someone who looked like a Castro follower pointing and thrusting to her husband. "Look at THAT one!"

"They don't look overly intellectual" I heard another woman say.

A woman with a little boy said: "Kinky but been dying to see a beatnik." Kinky looked as if he'd make a good one him self.

I shouldn't my way into a place called the Fox and Hounds asked a matron by woman if a chair beside her was taken sat down ordered another coffee and sat listening to the wildest drom hearing I've ever heard and watching a masculine ecstatic looking Latin Negro in dark tinted glasses strutting around a sad looking scaled girl with no chin who also wore sunglasses both of them pulling on the most fascinating show of posturing and torso dancing I've ever looked at.

Dragonfly across from the Fox and Hounds was the internationally known and very hip Coexistence Bagel Shop which looked like the writing room in a dingy old bus stop late at night. On the beams around the wall were old newspapers, junk and canvases from the impasto of some of the most bent painters in the western hemisphere. Someone was playing a piano with vast echoes, someone else's husband trombone. Everybody started into space looking bent, I met and took an instant liking to the owner, a hefty, nutty New Yorker named Jay Hoppe who looked as if he'd been absolutely everything and wasn't being fooled by anything including beatniks. He told me the cops had recently raided his place because he had only one toilet. The big point at issue he told me with an expression as if nine years of observing the antics of the human race he had reached some final resting place of human was whether it was legally permissible to have coexistence toilets. Finally in October Hoppe made it. The No Existence Bagel Shop. He holded the place after three years of police intolerance.)

I met a man who played viola with the Pittsburgh Symphony in the fall and drove cab in San Francisco in the summer and was introduced to a beatnik young artist from British Columbia with an apostolic beard, a scrapbook of newspaper clippings about himself, a naive ambition to be famous and a driving desire to create enormous things out of wood. When I left Hoppe was telling him he knew where there was the very thing: a California redwood not far away.

I had the name of Christopher Malone who was recommended to me in an authority on beatniks. I phoned him, arranged to meet him in a coffee shop and while I waited for him listened to the girl behind the counter talk intensely to a woman customer. He didn't want to see him because he had heard she said. That burns me.

Maclaine a tall friendly nervous man drives a taxi and writes poetry. I bought a copy of his poems. He talked the language as fluently as we used to talk pig Latin when we were kids. He looked out the window at a woman tourist in stretch pants and made the observation, which I suspect is true: "Like any woman who goes out on the street in her pyjamas is beat."

Leaning forward with his tall frame ragging from the chair Maclaine stared at the centre of the table and gave a rather disorganized monologue on temperamentalism and the probability that we'd all blow our brains to hell with the bomb. He stopped to speak to a big black bearded man with a Bible sitting with his back to us who just grunted but wouldn't turn around and later danced another young man with an melody heard the color of tarnished brass as an artist who made all his own clothes. This man kept laughing nodding and giving the impression that he was talking to himself it wasn't until he waved and disappeared that I realized he hadn't said a word.

Word must have got around that there was a Senator John down at the beatshop buying poetry because within half an hour a tremulous, mohaired man in an old Donegal tweed suit named Patrick Seamus O'Sullivan sold me his book We're Not My Children. I was introduced to another poet on a street corner, a tall timid young man in a turtleneck sweater and big black rimmed glasses who had a head of leathery bright blond hair that looked as if it had been cut around a pumpkin when. He had a mold and a new baby at home, and was shopping for groceries and had written a book called The Octopus Freedom.

Back in my windblown bathroom I read one little item from the young man's book that made me give such a yak that my wife heard me over the air conditioning. Later I read it aloud to her. She went pale and looked disgusted not only with beatniks but with me whom she'd always suspected of being a beatnik anyway. And maybe that night I found the whole world I'd visited a mature allegorical humor commercialism, liberalism, phoniness, quite a few hums a lot of things that I'd seen and listened to twenty-five years ago in New York's Village gamma and up with bongo drums, flutes, beards and black stockings and a lot of real people who just want to paint and read and study instead of pushing power mowers, paying premiums and watching westerns and plays by Mickey Spillane on TV and who can blame them?

One of the highlights of my visit to San Francisco was working with a photographer named Tom King. I met with a fascinating shiny brown shaved head and a wonderful feeling for character and detail. One of his best stories was of an old Italian friend a coffee grinder who returned by order to Toronto, to Los Angeles named Alfred Hitchcock telling him to send some money in advance. When the coffee-grinder got a letter from Hitchcock who informed his way of doing business, the old man explained why he hadn't taken much notice of the name.

"You know my son has a say that's a the Alfred Hitchcock but my son has not talk too much." King also gave a wonderful imaginary interview with a San Francisco beatnician in which the answer to all questions is is the Mort Sahl manner.

Define your terms man. Do you mean right for me or right for you?

But do you consider that little whole some?" Define your terms man. Wholesome for me or wholesome for you?

We posed around town through San Francisco's big and hilly Chinatown past huge fish markets and pens of live pigeons and chickens. King introduced me to a Chinese watercolor artist named Wing who was about to have a show of his paintings in Los Angeles. When we asked him about the Chinese fear of being photographed he told with quaint old Confucian wisdom "Give them two bits. It will dispel the superstition."

We watched a drowsy languid summer scene of Italians on their lunch hour playing a game called bocce, a combination of cricket, lawn bowling and snooker. We took a bus around town to King's sports car and drove past the arched window behind which so many crimes were relived on TV's Limup. The building that was used, though not a set in Hollywood. We took a sightseeing cruise around part of San Francisco's twenty miles of docks on which I learned that the Golden Gate Bridge required quite a few thousand gallons of paint? It's an enormous bridge, however and looking up at it thinking of the men who built it made my stomach turn over. We got back in time to have a Japanese dinner at Nikko Sukiyaki Restaurant.

I'm a total beef and-potato browned potatoes man myself and can take these exotic places or leave them alone, but I found this one particularly intriguing as it was the only one I've ever eaten at with my boots off. We sat with our stockinged feet in a sort of well with Japanese girls kneeling at eye level, which gave me evil feelings of intimacy and a strong desire to ask them if they gave those baths. I've read about but my wife was sitting opposite me. Don't ask me what I ate. I'm told I had lobster Nikko. I'm parted lobster into [illegible] filet of fresh tuna, sea bass teriyaki (basted fish) shrimp tempura (deep fried prawns) sashimi (clear broth) and sirloin steak. It really was delicious. King talked me into trying one delicacy that I thoroughly enjoyed. When I was brushed his told me I'd put bad what was probably my first raw fish.

I left San Francisco the next afternoon. Traffic was piling up and was to get worse. I discovered on the freeway that leads south through commuting territory. King obligingly lead the way in his sports car and I asked directions through my rear window when we stopped for a light. The last one I asked was "Right or left?" At the risk of letting me get fouled up in traffic King couldn't resist the obvious reply. Define your terms man. Right for me or right for you?" but he managed to signal me to turn to get me headed in the right direction although by then I felt those were the wrong words to use for leaving San Francisco. ★



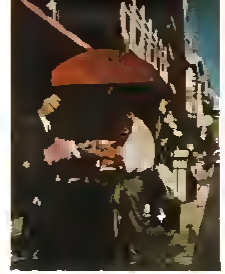
Allen meets Geoffrey Stephens, who came to bohemia from B.C.

He climbs down a San Francisco hillside (this one's a gentle slope)





He pauses at a sidewalk flower stall, one of the many in the city



He dines at the Nikko Sukiyaki on (among other things) raw fish.



The one doctor in four talks back



Dr. Alton Goldbloom, a pediatrician for forty years, is one of the best known doctors in Montreal

TV-commercial "doctors" are closer to medicine men than medical men, an eminent Canadian physician says. Here is why the three doctors out of four who recommend those pills, pain-killers and cure-alls are seldom right and sometimes dangerous

By Dr. Alton Goldbloom

I AM THE FOURTH DOCTOR

Who are the other three? Well, just listen to your radio or watch your TV and you will soon find out. Day in and day out, you hear commercials blare forth that three out of four doctors recommend a particular cereal for your health, a certain medicine for your nerves, a pill for your headache, a tonic for your anemia and a mysterious preparation for your split personality.

It is almost always "three out of four doctors" who recommend such and such, three anonymous doctors who have made chatty tests in hospitals that are nameless and who have as a result come up with enthusiastic recommendations for the advertised products.

The truth, if it must be known, is that there are no three doctors out of four or nine out of ten or ninety-nine out of a hundred. When they say three doctors out of four, see how far you will get when you try to find out who they are. When they say "hospital-tested" you have a right to ask which hospital, but you will never find out. You may receive a reply that says, noncommittally, "Our product is made of the purest ingredients." If you are too nosy you will get no reply at all. I should like to ask if the three out of four are doctors of medicine graduates of accredited medical schools. Well, let us look at the health foods and medicines they recommend.

The long list of cereals recommended for their health-giving minerals, proteins and vitamins are just good foods. All cereals contain proteins, all except those too highly refined contain some vitamins, and all have minerals, some natural and some added. But listen carefully for the catch phrase. The cereal *taken with milk* will help supplement your daily protein need. Who needs three out of four doctors to recommend cereal with milk because it is good for you and why rupture the population's eardrums in shouting something everybody knew all the time? You do have a bit of intelligence, I am sure. So eat foods because you like them and they don't upset your digestion. A constant search for "health-giving foods" and foods that are "good for you" makes food faddists and crackpots. Don't listen to and don't quote medical authority in the ordinary matter of eating. If you are an ordinary healthy person with an ordinary good digestion. Never mind the doctors, either the fourth or the other three.

Eating leads us directly into the subject of vitamins. Millions of dollars are spent to encourage the consumption of extra vitamins in the form of pills, medicines and enriched foods and beverages. Consider some of the commercials. "This drink is high in vitamin C." It stays high in vitamins even after the container is opened day after day, glass after glass. Give your family the vitamin bloom of health." Another advertisement goes, "Because active young minds and muscles need extra nutrition, there's a healthy helping of B vitamins, iron and calcium in our bread. It's the go-ahead bread for people on the go. Each fresh slice is a slice of life."

I think it's fair to ask how many extra vitamins in the form of pills or food preparations the average healthy person needs? From my years of experience as a physician, I'd say very few people these days lack vitamins. The danger of vitamin shortage is practically non-existent in most homes. Most people more than meet their vitamin needs by eating enough eggs, milk, cheese, butter, meat, fish, and root and leafy vegetables. All the vitamins they'll ever need are in these foods. Taking any more is a total waste because extra vitamins don't do you more good. They do what they have to do, and the amount present in a varied diet is quite adequate. If you are in good health and you do feel stronger in ten days (or your money back), it is all in your mind. Yet this false belief causes us to spend hundreds of millions of dollars annually in the illusory hope that we will have more pep, fewer colds, stronger muscles, greater endurance and earlier hair. How pleasant it is to eat your food and enjoy it without thought of what is good or bad for you, or whether you are getting enough of this or that vitamin or mineral!

I don't want to leave the subject of vitamins without warning that over-consumption can be a hazard to health. I've seen many cases of hypervitaminosis, or, to put it more simply, vitamin poisoning. The over conscientious mother who learns that vitamins are good for her children often reasons that if a little bit is good, then a lot must be even better. I once examined the child of one such mother who was being given 100,000 units of vitamin A per day—two hundred times the normal requirement. He was a very sick boy and even after I explained the reason for the child's fatigue and listlessness the mother appeared skeptical.

The language of the commercial usually over-simplifies the problem and hence is misleading. The matter of anaemia and iron deficiency is a case in point. You've probably heard the following advertisement: "Are you tired before the day begins? Chances are you may be suffering from the grey sickness. The grey sickness means that your blood may be iron-poor, so you feel weak, nervous, tired." The grey sickness responds quickly to our ironized preparation. It builds strength fast. Yes, in just seven days you can feel your own self again. Just look at Mary now, with energy to spare for exciting evenings, even after a hard day's work." (Another manufacturer employs the term "tired blood" instead of "grey sickness." Neither condition is listed in medical dictionaries.) The vendors of these nostrums for iron-deficiency anemia prove their good intentions by offering to return your money if your don't feel healthy again within a week or ten days.

What is the truth about iron deficiency anemia? In the first place, the average layman can't say whether he is—or is not—suffering from a dearth of iron in his system. This is a finding that can be made only by a doctor after a careful physical examination supplemented by laboratory tests. Even if the doctor does find that you are suffering from an iron deficiency his remedies will restore you to health only very gradually. I'm sure it can't be done within a week or ten days and your doctor won't give you a money-back guarantee.

The fundamental error in advertising remedies for anemia is that there are many forms of anemia. Some are caused by cancer or other chronic illnesses. In these cases you are endangering your life by attempting to diagnose and treat yourself. For the economy-minded I should add that if you don't feel better after ten days your chances of getting your money back are practically nil. The manufacturer will ask you to prove that you did have iron-deficiency anemia because,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53



This television packman, by inference a medical authority, is warning viewers of the peril of calcium deficiency illustrated by the broken nail on the tariff chart.

MONTREAL'S GREY-FLANNEL HOCKEY CARTEL

The Canadiens have their own way in the NHL because Frank Selke, who couldn't get his own way when he was working for the Toronto Maple Leafs, got it in Montreal. Selke's system: pour money into building a national hockey corporation, and you'll win it back in Stanley Cups

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE RICH, thoroughly organized, mass-produced Montreal Canadiens have brought the corporate image to hockey with a result unmatched in sports only by the rich, thoroughly organized, mass-produced New York Yankees in baseball. Last April, in running their five-year playoff record to 40 wins in 49 post-season games, the Canadiens swept the semi-final and final rounds of the Stanley Cup playoffs in the minimum of eight games, to win their fifth straight Stanley Cup.

The Canadiens, the oldest organization in hockey, have a long, proud record. But nothing they have achieved in the dimming past compares with their monstrous domination of the game today. The questions naturally arise: How did they get that way? Is the end in sight?

The answers relate directly to Frank Selke, the managing director, a one-time Kitchener electrician who quit the front office of the Toronto Maple Leafs in the mid-Forties when his relations with the Toronto boss, Conn Smythe, became intolerable, and took over the Canadiens on July 26, 1946. A firm and gloomy man of perhaps five foot five with a funereal mien, a soft, high voice, a habit of rubbing his hands while he talks, rimless glasses and thin, short-clipped hair, Selke is the recognizably colorless architect of the Running Habitants and their farm system, the finest and most extensive setup in the game and the best explanation of their present position in it.

Selke has built this club with an idea he evolved in Toronto in the early Forties.

"I realized that young players in the services would not return to hockey as probable stars," he says. "The years that would have improved their ability were being spent in the army."

In the absence of Conn Smythe overseas, he got permission from director E. W. Dickie "to sign the best sixteen year-olds around."

These included Jimmy Thomson, Tod Sloan, Joe Klukay, Fleming Mackell and Gus Mortson, all of whom eventually blossomed into enduring National Leaguers. Also Selke traded a defenseman, Frankie Eddolls, to the Canadiens (ironically) for sixteen year-old Ted Kennedy, who became one of Toronto's great centre players.

"Smythe sent a cable to the executive saying that the deal should be canceled," Selke says unemotionally. "I think Kennedy saved the Maple Leafs."

Selke believes that when Smythe returned from overseas he was told that Selke was trying to usurp his power at Maple Leaf Gardens. Information that Selke brands completely false. His relations with Smythe worsened, and Selke resigned with no job in go to. Three months later he received a letter from William Northey, a director of the Canadiens, asking if he were interested in moving to the Forum.

"I wrote back and said I couldn't work with Gorman," Selke recalls, referring to Tommy Gorman, then general manager of the Canadiens.

"Mr. Northey said the idea was to replace Gorman." Selke relates. "I didn't answer that letter. My experience at Toronto was too recent."

Then Senator Donat Raymond, president of the Canadiens, telephoned Selke.

He told me he was going to accept Gorman's resignation." Selke says. "I told him that when Gorman was gone I would consider his offer."

In the summer of 1946 Tommy Gorman moved to Ottawa and Selke joined the Canadiens, who had won the Stanley Cup that spring. Nevertheless, Selke foresaw a dark future for the champions, he says now.

When the team hit the ice I asked for an executive meeting," he recalls. "I told Senator Raymond that no other team could come up with six players as good as his top six—Bill Durnan, Ken Reardon, Butch Bouchard, and the Punch Line of Elmer Lach, Toe Blake and Rocket Richard—but that there were no reserves in sight."

Raymond asked for his solution.

"I'd like to reorganize a farm system with a team in every CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

The young men on this ice are paid more than $300,000 a year to play hockey for the Canadiens; six of them earn $20,000 or more. Frank Selke, right, personally built this club from system he set up. Like Conacher Brothers, Toe Blake, left, once a Canadien star himself, is the team's floor manager.





An attraction at the rally in Montreal's Monument National: Raymond Schaeffer, a former Mr. Universe.



At the International Federation of Body Builders' gathering, no entrant came in last; at worst he placed fourth in his class. Thus there was a medal for everyone, just as Ben Weider, barbell entrepreneur and promoter of the rally, had promised.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE PENYON

You too can have a body beautiful

Want to make your muscles pay off, build courage and confidence, and get what you want out of people? A lot of men do, and that's what makes the Weider brothers the Barnum & Bailey of body-building

BY MORDECAI RICHLER

"YOU'LL FIND this is a good story for you," he said. "A real Canadian success story." The party at the other end of the line was Ben Weider. He is president of the International Federation of Body Builders and was sponsoring the Official Combination Contests to Select Mr. America and Mr. Universe at the Monument National Theatre in Montreal. The competition, according to advance publicity, was going to be the "Greatest Physical Culture Contest ever organized any place in the World." I didn't want to miss it.

"I've been to eighty four countries in the last six years," Weider continued, "including Red China. But I'm not a Communist, you know."

"Neither am I."

So Weider and I had something in common even before we met for lunch a couple of days later.

Weider is a man of many offices. He is, with his brother Joe, the Trainer of Champions with outlets in cities as farflung as Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro and Vienna. He is president and director of Weider Food Supplements (makers of Super Protein 90 and Energex) and the Weider Barbell Co. (they'll ship you a complete home gym for $98.90); and managing editor of Mr. America and Muscle Builder, among other magazines. He is the author of such books as *MANGEZ BIEN et restez svelte* and *JEUNE toute sa vie*. In one of his many inspirational articles, The Men Who Begeo Again, he has written, "True sportsmen always cheer for the under dog — for the guy who has come from down under — the hard way," and that's certainly how Ben Weider rose to his present eminence as manufacturer, publisher, author, editor, world traveler and No. 1 purveyor of muscle building equipment and correspondence courses in North America.

Weider is only thirty-six. His brother Joe, who runs the American end of their various enterprises from Union City, New Jersey, is thirty-nine. They were both brought up in Montreal's tough, working-class ghetto of the Thirties. Skinny, underdeveloped boys, they first took to body development as a form of self-improvement. Then, in 1939, they began to write and publish a mimeographed magazine that would tell others how they could become he-men. To begin with, the magazine had a circulation of five hundred copies. Enthusiasts began to write in to ask where they could get the necessary equipment to train themselves. And so from their modest offices on Colonial Street, the Weiders began to supply the desired equipment and correspondence courses until today Ben Weider says they are the acknowledged leaders in the field. Muscle Builder and Mr. America, no longer mimeographed, now appear monthly in ten languages with Weider claims a total circulation of a million copies.

In May 1960 Ben Weider moved into his own building on Bates Road from which he overlooks his widespread empire in the comfort of a most handsomely appointed office. For inspiration, perhaps, there hangs behind Weider's desk a painting of a resolute Napoleon sword drawn, mounted atop a bucking horse. It was here, amid trophies, diplomas and the odd bottle of Quick Wate 15 (a Goodbye to Skinny Weakness) that we had our first chat.

I let on that I had never been very big with the muscle building set. Weider looked at me severely. Later, once I had read some of his correspondence courses, I realized that he had probably spotted my inferiority complex. I was not thinking BIG *posture* thoughts ("DON'T BE ENVIOUS OF SOMEONE ELSE'S SUCCESS." brother Joe advises people who feel inferior. "MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE ENVIES YOU!" They are told — *you have a head full of hair*. They are fat — *you are building a he-man body*.)

Weider is a soft-spoken, courteous, ever-smiling man ("YOUR TEETH," Joe writes, "ARE THE JEWELS OF YOUR FACE!") with a high pitched voice. He's a conservative dresser. And just as brother Joe advises us in BE POPULAR, SELF-CONFIDENT, AND A HE-MAN, he has surely grasped that it is necessary to MAKE YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION A GOOD ONE! Why? Because, as Joe says, *your packaging is your appearance*. Another thing is that Ben has chosen his hair style wisely. *It fits his face!* He's not the sort of birdbrain Joe complains about who wears his hair in say a Flat Top Crew Cut, just because "it's what everybody else is wearing now." ("If you expect to be a big wheel in business, whiz with the girls, Joe writes, "if you would be known as a real personality kid, check every one of our grooming points.")

Weider married in August 1959, recently became a father. His boy, he told me, weighed 10 pounds 11 ounces at birth. He was also 23 inches long.

"Congratulations!" I said, gripping his hand firmly. And, even as we parted, I made a note to remember his name for — "People like to be called by name. You can make yourself a real *somebody* by being known as the one man who never forgets names."

At home, I had time to read only one of Weider's correspondence lessons before going to bed. My choice was SECRETS OF A HEALTHY SEX LIFE.

Choosing the right girl, brother Joe writes, is vitally important. *Is she sports minded?* he asks. "Has she a truly beautifully-contoured figure? Does she like working out with you? Would she frown on you having your own home gym?" Weider also suggests that young couples should pray together, use a good deodorant and positive thinking, and keep their weight *normalized*. He offers the following tidbit to young husbands: "Wear clean pyjamas each night — and be sure that you have a variety of patterns in pyjamas. You would not expect her to retire in a torn night gown with cold cream daubed over her face [...] hence you should make yourself just as attractive as she."

All in all, SECRETS gave me plenty of food for thought. It seemed a good idea to absorb its message before plunging into other, more advanced lessons, like HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF PEOPLE, although this particular pamphlet looked most intriguing. The illustration on the cover shows an assured, smiling young man grasping piles of dollar bills, coins and money bags. I was keen to learn from him how to use people, but one BIG *pensive* thought is enough for a day, isn't it? So, putting the lessons aside, I turned to Muscle Builder. There I read that Chuck Sipes, a recent Mr. America champion, had built his terrific muscles by using the Weider Concentration Principle.

A couple of days later I met Sipes at the Mount Royal Sindbo, where he had come to train for the last-approaching contest.

"Been in weightlifting a long time?" I asked him.

"Yeah."

"Like it?"

"Yeah."

"Enjoying your stay in Montreal?"

"Yeah."

Sipes manages a gym in Sacramento, California. He told me that when he started lifting weights eight years ago he was just another puny guy of some 165 pounds but today he weighs in at 204. I wished him luck in the contest and moved on to chat with Mr. Ireland, Mr. Bombay and Mr. Hercules of India, all fine outstanding chaps. But the man who made the greatest impression on me was Mr. Scotland, Sr., otherwise known as R. G. Smith of the electricity board in Edinburgh. Smith, who was to become my friend and informant, had come to Montreal both to visit his children and enter the contest — not that he had the slightest chance of winning. Smith is dedicated, and certainly an enthusiast, but he is also fifty-four. He began to practise body-building at forty-seven.

The body builders' exhibition was held on Eaton's fourth floor on the Friday night before the contest. I was pleased to see that there was a good turnout. Some three or four hundred people, I'd say. An associate of Weider's introduced me to Dr. Frederick Tilney, who had flown in from Florida to be one of the contest judges. "Dr. Tilney," the man said, "has seven degrees."

The doctor, a sturdily built man in his mid-sixties, looked astonishingly young for his years. "Can you tell me," I said, "at what colleges you got your degrees?

"What's the difference what college? A college is a college. Some college graduates end up digging ditches. It's what you make of yourself that counts in this world."

"What exactly do you do, doctor?"

"Oh, I lecture on health and success and that sort of stuff. I am world-famous."

"Why, that's just swell. No offense, but can you tell me the name of just one college that has given you a degree?"

Suddenly Ben Weider was upon us. "Sorry to interrupt your interview," he said, "but the show must go on."

A young French-Canadian body-builder mounted the platform to introduce Dr. Tilney. "The doctor," he said, "has traveled all over the world and is one of the most famous editors and writers in it."

Weider led the applause.

"Well, then," Dr. Tilney said, "I'm sure all you washed-out, weak, worn-out, suffering, sickly men want to renew your youth and delay that trip to the underground bungalow."

A body builder came out and struck a classic pose.

"He looks sick to me," somebody said.

Dr. Tilney beamed at us. "We have assembled here some of the finest examples of manhood in the world. We are building a new race of muscular marvels greater than the Greek gods. We're doing it scientifically."

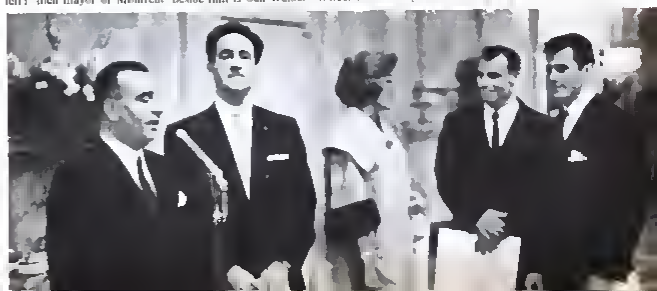
Mr. Ireland assumed a heroic pose. His chest expansion was remarkable.

"You know what that guy needs?" somebody said. "A brassiere. And how!"

But I'm happy to say only a few had come to sneer.

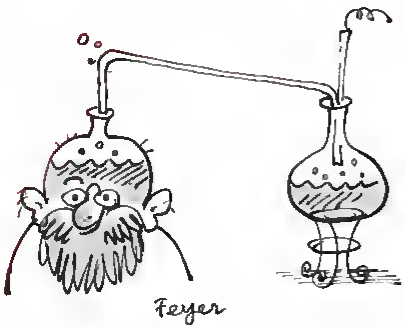
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After winners had been picked in all the classes, everybody was welcomed at City Hall by Sarto Fournier (below, left), then mayor of Montreal. Beside him is Ben Weider. Weider's wife, Huguette, talks to two of the contestants.



Sweet & sour

EXPOSING THE SCIENTISTS — OR, THINGS ANY FOOL CAN SEE



A great deal is being written about nuclear research teams and their "dramatic new discoveries" concerning the secrets of the cause and prevention of fruit and vegetable spoilage. This is of course pure rot. We love to be hoodwinked by high-sounding scientific talk.



Why, for instance, do bananas spoil? Because they weren't eaten in time. Someone left the bag on the pantry floor and thought until too late it was onions.

Here are some other equally obvious answers to some of the so-called mysteries of science:



Q. What causes rain?
A. Water falling down.



Q. And clouds?
A. Water staying up.



Q. Smoke?
A. Don't mind if I do. Oh — sorry. Fires.



Q. Why does the earth revolve around the sun?
A. It has to. How else can the Australians get daylight?



Q. What is the chief cause of highway accidents?
A. They are caused by the high accident rate. If we didn't have a high accident rate, we wouldn't have so many accidents. I can see you look baffled. I don't blame you. It's rare these days for a man to think for himself; all of us have been hypnotized by the scientists. Have a ripe banana?



Q. What is the reason for shadows?
A. People standing in front of the light.



Q. Why does water run downhill?
A. To get to the bottom.

By Stuart Trueman

KODAK GIFTS SAY:

"Open me first!"



Smallest, loudest Brownie flash camera ever! Brownie Starmite Camera . . . only $11.95. Boxed outfit with bulbs, batteries, film . . . only $13.75

. . because you can picture all the fun of Christmas right from the very first moment!







Built-in exposure meter—lowest price ever! Brownie Starmiter Camera has sensitive electric eye that measures light, shows proper settings for sharp, clear snapshots or brilliant color slides — only $22.95. Boxed outfit with flash holder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . $26.75



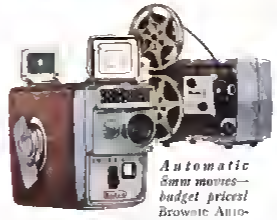
Get all the action and color of Christmas with this talented Brownie 8 Movie Camera *f* 2.7. Simple enough for a child to use. Just set the dial, aim, shoot — only $27.95. Boxed kit with movie light and two flood lamps $37.95.





Sets its own lens! Brownie Starmatic Camera has built-in electric eye that makes exposure settings for you automatically. Takes snapshots or color slides, 12 pictures to a roll. $32.50. Complete gift boxed outfit with field case, flash holder, bulbs, batteries, film . . . $44.50.





Automatic 8mm movies—budget prices! Brownie Automatic Movie Camera, *f*/2.3, has electric eye that sets lens automatically . . . only $92.75. Brownie 8 Movie Projector, A15, threads itself automatically — right onto the take-up reel. Only $64.50.



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Prices are suggested list and subject to change without notice

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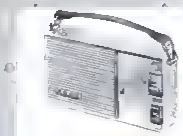
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET **SPARTACUS:** A couple of Peeping Toms — Peter Ustinov as an arena impresario Charles McGraw as a sadistic trainer of gladiators — are among the interesting characters who inject spice as well as spectacle into this big-budget "epic." In the title role, Kirk Douglas bravely leads a foredoomed revolt of slaves against their Roman oppressors in the first century before Christ. Sir Laurence Olivier memorably portrays a subtle, ruthless aristocrat who vows to destroy the gladiatorial army. With Jean Simmons, Charles Laughton, Tony Curtis and the usual "cast of thousands," all performing plausibly under young Stanley Kubrick's alert direction.

BUTTERFIELD 8: An only novel by John O'Hara considerably filtered in transition inspired this steamy soap-opera about a tragic Manhattan playgirl (Elizabeth Taylor) and her ugly amours Laurence Harvey and Eddie Fisher are two of the men in her life. Rating: fair.

THE ENTERTAINER: Turning with ease from the scented Inferno of a Roman bluebood to the squalid digs of an unsuccessful music hall comedian in present-day England Sir Laurence Olivier etches another remarkable characterization in the screen version of John Osborne's play. Customers who expect all British films to be either sunny or funny will get a nasty jolt but Olivier's Archie Rice is a brilliant exploit.

MIDNIGHT LACE: Doris Day's frenzies often seem overdrawn in this handsome suspense yarn about an American woman in London whose safety is threatened in a series of mysterious telephone calls. The solution though ingenious doesn't stand up under analysis. With Rex Harrison, John Gavin, Myrna Loy.

THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS: Hollywood's Anthony Quinn as the primitive hero in a drama, beautifully photographed but sometimes indicates in style, about Eskimo life in the Far North. The pidgin-Biblical dialogue undermines the seriousness of the story.

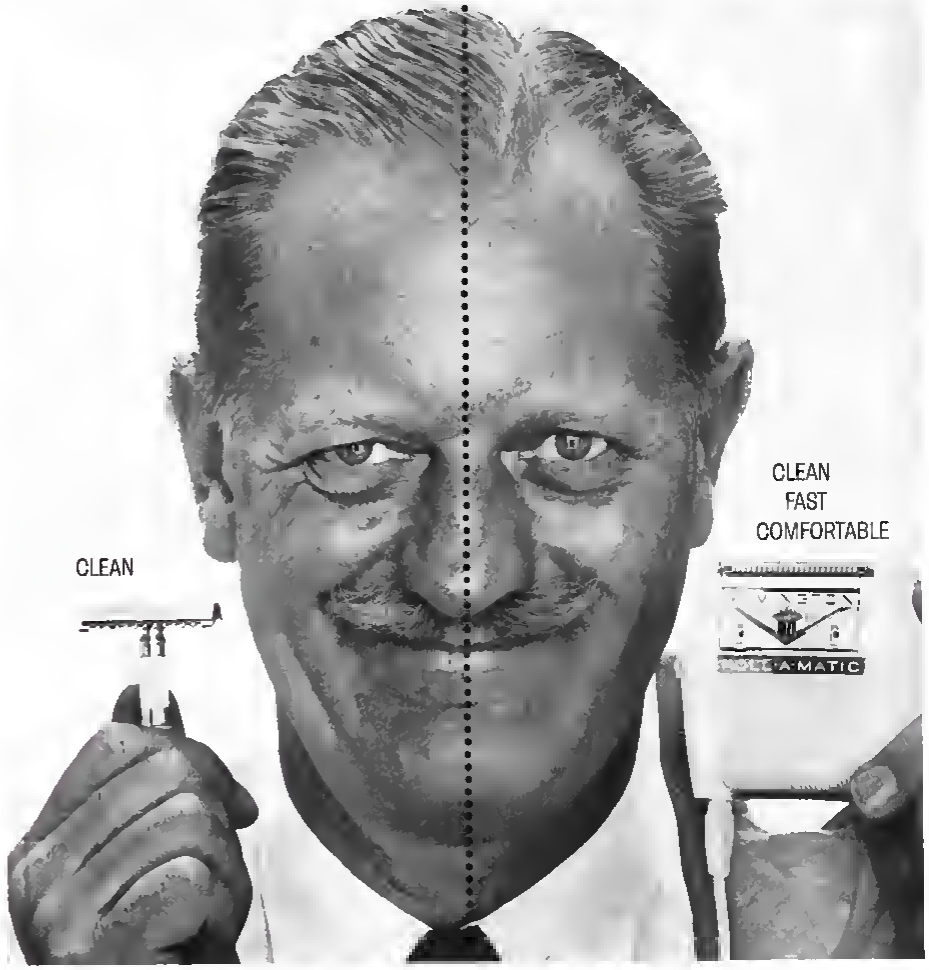
SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON: The famous 1813 novel by Johann Wyss has been turned into a fine adventure film under Walt Disney's supervision although purists may resent the way the original narrative has been whipped up with pirates and other innovations. John Mills and Dorothy McGuire are the sturdy parents shipwrecked with their children and pets on a tropical island.

WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS: Gina Lollobrigida as sexy as ever but her deficiencies as an actress are crudely exposed in this heavy-handed Franco-Italian melodrama. A civil engineer (Marcello Mastroianni) and an uncivil gangster (Yves Montand) are among the males she agitates.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Angel Wore Red: Melodrama. Poor	Inherit the Wind: Courtroom drama. Good
The Angry Silence: Drama. Good	Jessie Cut: Wildlife naturality. Good
The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.	Let's Make Love: Comedy. Good
As the Sea Rages: Melodrama. Poor	The Night Fighters: Irish drama. Fair
Bells Are Ringing: Comedy. Good	Please Turn Over: Comedy. Fair
Cone of Silence: Suspense. Good	Psycho: Hitchcock horror. Good
The Crowded Sky: Air line drama. Fair	Royal Ballet: Dance documentary. Good
Desire in the Dust: Drama. Fair	Song Without End: Biographical. Good
The Eighth Day of the Week: Polish drama. Good	Sunrise at Campobello: FDR biography. Excellent
Inner Gunfire: Comedy-drama. Excellent	Surprise Package: Comedy. Good
High Time: Campus comedy. Poor	Under Ten Flags: Sea war. Good
House of Usher: Horror. Good	Walk Like a Dragon: Western. Fair
I Aim at the Stars: Drama. Good	

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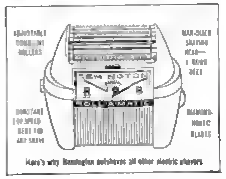


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Montreal's gray-flannel hockey cartel

Continued from page 29

Selke was told to build an empire, and he did. In one season he spent $300,000 on farm clubs

province to build up young reserves, as in Toronto. The players there will be haunting me for years."

Raymond gave him carte blanche.

"We owe the people of Montreal a good hockey team," he said. "Go ahead and build an empire."

Selke did throughout Montreal hands into teams all across the land for the rights to young players. The Canadiens spent $300,000 one season to keep the system going since many of their affiliates lost money. It cost us $70,000 to haul out the team in Quebec City," Selke says.

As he predicted, Toronto players haunted him for years. The Leafs won the Stanley Cup four times in the next five years aided by the youngsters he'd signed in his Toronto days. But then the fruit began to come in from the Montreal farms. Beginning with the spring of 1951, the Canadiens have reached the Stanley Cup final through ten straight seasons and have won the trophy in six of them. And the notion that the end of their flight is not in sight is Selke's.

"Canadiens will be the team to beat for the next ten years," he observed in a rare exclamatory outburst last spring. "I would be foolish to predict that we'll be in first place for that length of time because we don't know what the other teams have in the way of kids coming up. But we'll be the team to beat because we have the players."

He rewards them lavishly. Six players in the Montreal lineup this season have base salaries of $20,000 a year or better, and that doesn't include playoff money worth $4,000 a man if the team finishes first in the standings and goes on to win the Stanley Cup. The Habitant payroll for the 1960-61 roster is $300,000 and in addition Maurice (Rocket) Richard is being paid $25,000 for not playing. This is reward for services rendered in his eighteen abnormally productive seasons and helps for the Rocket's retirement at thirty-nine last fall so that he won't blemish a magnificent reputation on legs that may no longer match his fierce pride.

There's more to the Canadiens' prowl of conquest than mere money, however. Last September they played a meaningless intra-squad exhibition game in the Forum in which the Reds defeated the Whites 5 to 1. As it happened, team captain Doug Harvey was hired-gunning with the Whites. When the game ended he sat disconsolately in the dressing room chatting with Montreal Star columnist Red Fisher.

"They shouldn't have beat us that bad," Harvey grumbled although the game meant nothing.

They talked about it while Harvey changed his clothes and then they went to a restaurant for Chinese food. Harvey was still downcast. "I should have stayed home in bed," he said to Fisher. "I wasn't any help to anybody."

Here was the attitude of a player many believe to be the finest defenseman in the history of hockey. The opening of the *fourteenth* season in the NHL was still three weeks away, and Harvey, one would think, had won too many awards to be concerned about an exhibition. He has been named on the first All-Star team in eight of the last nine seasons and has won the James Norris Memorial Trophy as the game's top defenseman in five of the seven seasons it has been in existence but defeat, even in an intra-squad game, still distresses him.

Harvey was asked recently why the Canadiens never seem to grow complacent, why they never let down in mid-season, say, knowing they're the class of the field.

"There's no use playing this game if you're not trying to win," he replied. "For one thing, it's more fun winning than losing, eh? You should never say tomorrow we'll be all right if you lose a game or two, because the first thing you know the season's over and it's too late. It's tonight's game that matters."

Harvey, an unruffled man of thirty-five who was a gunner on merchant ships during the war, says the Montreal fans have a good deal to do with the team's urge to win, though not necessarily the fans who comprise the illustrious Forum legion and shower down their teeming support.

"The boys are pretty well known in Montreal," he says of the players. "Any time we lose a game, even on the road, people on the street want to know what the hell happened—in two languages. It's the same all summer: you can have a pretty good summer when you win in the spring.

There's pride of belonging

Young players moving into the Canadien lineup spotted expertly by coach Hector (Toe) Blake and given substantial experience under fire, keep an enviable balance and depth that offset injuries to seasoned players, and the keeps the team strong. Since the Selke farm system became productive there has rarely been a moment when burgeoning young players aren't sitting on the bench waiting, hopefully for somebody to catch some trivial incurable disease. This keeps the veterans alert, too. Last season, for example, Rocket Richard was edgy in his eighteenth season because Toe Blake was employing four forward lines for a time instead of the usual three. This was giving jealously guarded ice-time to Richard only one turn to four rather than one in three. Dickie Moore, who'd been scoring champion for two years in a row was crestfallen when Blake removed him from the power-play alignment for a brief period last season. All that was bothering Moore was two sprained wrists.

But beneath the surface there's more to the Canadiens than an eager desire to play and a long strong bench. There is the pride of belonging to something fall that augments an individual's ability and makes him taller. There is the sense of achievement in having been good enough to move with the best and this brings out the best.

"When you've played here you just

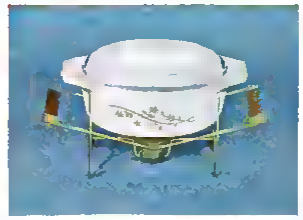
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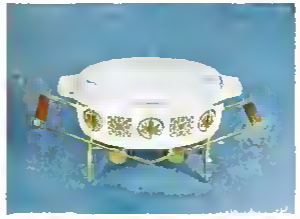
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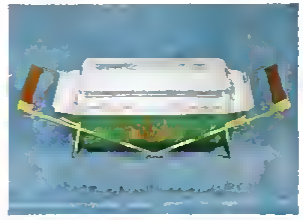
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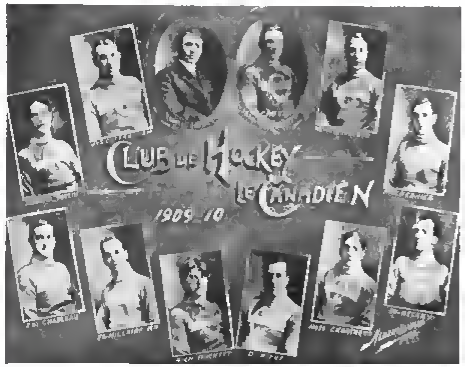


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HALF A CENTURY OF CANADIEN SUPERSTARS

From Lalonde to Rocket Richard, the team has had more than its share of the men who gave the game that something extra

Le Club de Hockey Canadien is an institution remarkable for the loyalty of its fans and its players. The latter have given frequent proof of their devotion — most spectacularly in 1955 when they voted against a decision that didn't favor their idol Rocket Richard. The devotion of the players has been just as strong. If only a little less spectacular. There was Joe Hall (right, top) who insisted on playing even though he'd come down with the flu. He died as a result. Then there was goalkeeper Georges Vezina (right, middle) who collapsed during a 1925 game and died not long afterward. Aurel Joliat (right, bottom) didn't die with his skates on but he did become a popular figure after an unhappy start with the club which had traded the great Newsy Lalonde for him. The most tragically devoted Canadien of them all was Howie Morenz (below) who joined the team in 1923 and was traded to Chicago eleven years later. Brought back in the Montreal club by its new owners, he was making a comeback in 1937 when he broke a leg. He died in hospital ostensibly of a heart attack. But some Canadien fans still insist it was a broken heart. ★









don't want to play anywhere else," says Floyd (Dutch) Curry, a former right winger on championship Canadien teams who now watches the Habitant affiliate, the Montreal Royals in the Eastern Professional Hockey League. "When I was nearing the end of the line Mr. Selke called me into his office and asked me if I'd like to be traded to another NHL club. I told them I wasn't room on the ice for me. I decided against being traded. I didn't want to play against the club we'd always had good times together. So I retired. In my time, guys who did choose to be traded in these circumstances used to come up to me and say 'You lucky so and so, playing with this club.'

There are no slumps on the Canadiens. Frank Selke has molded the two traditions and the two nationalities so that they do not exist as such. Only the Canadiens matter. Occasionally Selke goes hunting deer with Rocket Richard and when they've bagged one they take it to Butch Bouchard's restaurant and a banquet is held for the players and their wives. Each Christmas Selke holds a skating party at the Forum for the players, their wives and their families, and this is followed by the Christmas turkey. There is a camaraderie about the Canadiens, unquestionably stimulated by these affairs.

Selke, his undertaker's bearing curiously misplaced in a game life with pop-offs, has more than the respect usually accorded an employer. Rocket Richard worships him and after all these years still calls him Mr. Selke out of his presence. Bert Olmstead, whom the Canadiens let go to Toronto three seasons ago after nearly eight full seasons with the Habs, says that in all his time there he never knew a teammate who didn't have an abiding respect for the solemn little boss. Selke, it would appear, is a sort of father figure to the Canadiens in addition to being the silent perspiring builder.

The Flying Frenchmen curiously had their genesis in a conversation between a Scottish baker and an Irish contractor one December night in 1909. There was only one professional league in the country, the Eastern Canada Hockey Association and it was not flourishing. Hoping to strengthen it, James Strachan, the manager of the Montreal Wanderers, a Montrealer whose family was prominent in the baking industry, made a thoughtful remark to young Ambrose O'Brien of Renfrew, Ont., whose father had made a good deal of money as a railway contractor.

"A club composed entirely of French Canadian players in Montreal, with its seventy percent French Canadian population, is bound to be a success," Strachan said.

O'Brien, at that moment, wasn't interested. He wanted his home-town team, the Renfrew Millionaires, to win the Stanley Cup and made application to the Eastern Canada league for its admittance. When the application was refused, he remembered Strachan's remark and set out to form his own league. He founded and financed the Montreal Canadiens on Dec. 11, 1909, depositing $5,000 in a St. James Street bank to guarantee players' salaries. They got a series of postdated cheques that could be stopped at the bank if any player defected. He commissioned Jack Laviolette, an amateur hockey player and owner of a restaurant in Montreal, and united Jack's Cain to put together a team for the $5,000.

To round out his league, O'Brien urged James Strachan to transfer his Montreal Wanderers to it, brought in the Renfrew Millionaires, and financed two teams in the booming mining belt of northern Ontario at Cobalt and Haileybury. He called the league the National Hockey Association. It turned out to be the forerunner of the NHL.

The move by O'Brien caused an upheaval out of which the Ottawa Senators and the Montreal Shamrocks withdrew from the Eastern Canada league and joined the NHA, bringing an end to the tottering Eastern league.

The season began on Jan. 5, 1910 with the Canadiens playing Cobalt in a tiny, noisy, smoke-filled firetrap called the Jubilee Rink. They attracted just under 3,000 customers who watched seven-man hockey in two thirty-minute periods. And the Canadiens were indeed comprised entirely of French Canadian players, among them Jack Laviolette, the main owner, goalkeeper Joe Cattarinich, who'd join with Leo Dandurand as his partner, became co-owner of the club; Newsy Lalonde, the greatest lacrosse star of the era; and Didier Pitre, who'd been paid $2,000 for a season with Renfrew



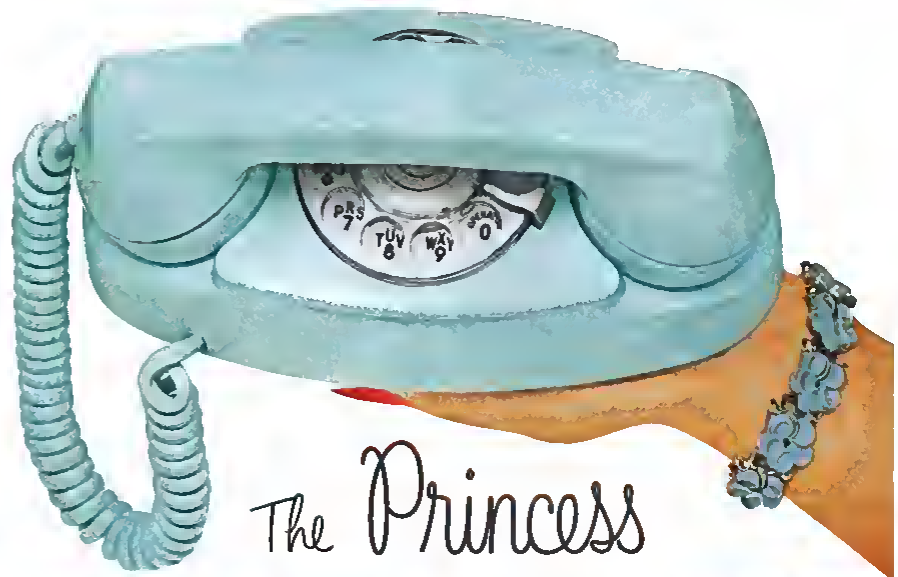
a few years earlier but signed for considerably less to be with the new club. For that first game, Newsy Lalonde, who still lives in Montreal and is a bubbling, energetic man in his seventies, believes he was the highest paid Canadien on the ice. He got $1,900 for the season which the Canadiens launched with a 7-to-6 victory.

O'Brien made a fifty percent profit on the Canadiens even before the season ended. He sold the franchise for $7,500 to a Montreal wrestler and wrestling promoter who called himself George Kennedy. Actually Kennedy's name was Kendall, but his father, a dour Scottish sea captain, was so outraged when his son told him of his wrestling ambitions that George altered his surname. Kennedy, without once leaving his voice, cursing an oath, according to Lalonde, cajoled Canadiens to three first Stanley Cup in 1916.

In the spring of 1919 the Canadiens were involved in the only Stanley Cup final ever suspended. They were playing the Seattle Metropolitans in the Pacific coast city during an influenza epidemic and Kennedy and all but three of his players caught the flu. Joe Hall, a brilliant rookie player, was seriously ill. Hall's roommate, Newsy Lalonde, kept imploring him to go to bed. Hall refused, and warm his Canadiens were in the

Continued on page 42

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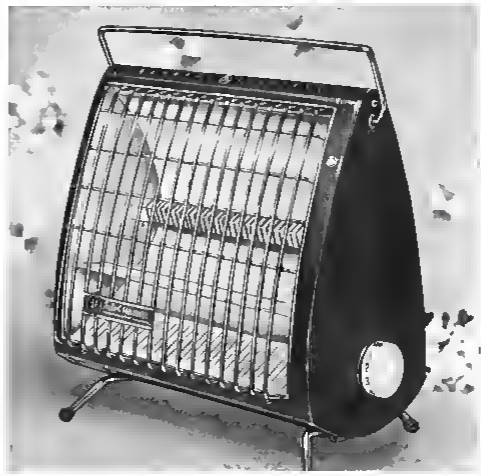
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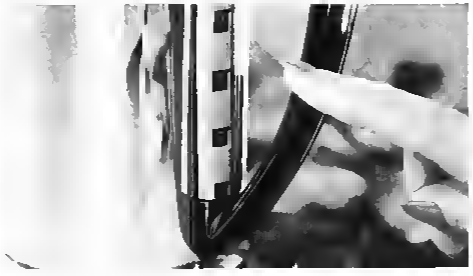


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ill he dropped. He died two days later. Kennedy himself never fully recovered. He died two years later at the age of forty-one.

The club was put on the auction block in October 1921. Out of a flurry of bidding that started at $8,000, Leo Dandurand, Louis Letourneau and Joe Cattarinich, who were then operating a race track at Cleveland, had their representative, Canadian sports czar Cecil Hurt, buy the club for them for $11,000. It took them three years to build another Stanley Cup winner, employing the haphazard scouting methods of the era. Cattarinich on a trip to Chesterton saw an amateur game one night in 1922 and was impressed by the goalkeeper, Georges Vezina, a tall, saturnine fellow so cool that when Cattarinich nastily signed him for the Canadiens he became known everywhere in hockey as the Chesterfield Cucumber. Vezina, in whose name the trophy for NHL goalkeeping is awarded, played in the best Canadian tradition—he collapsed during a game in November 1925 and died a few months later.

Sylvio Mantha, the Canadiens' most recently elected to the Hall of Fame, was found in Montreal city playing shinny on the school rinks at a working class district called St. Henri. Dandurand happened to run into Lionel Bourbeau in Ottawa, star of a one-reel track in the summer of 1922. Bourbeau said he'd been impressed in a game against the Saskatoon Sheiks of the Western Canada league by a slam-bang rookie named Aurel Joliat. Dandurand, incensed Canadien fans by trading the idolized Newsy Lalonde for the unknown Joliat. He got so many telephone threats that he had the phone disconnected.

Of the trade Lalonde says, "I was getting $2,000 a season at Montreal. Leo knew I was over the hill but he made Saskatoon pay me $4,000. I was delighted for heaven's sake."

No Canadien has worn 7 since

Almost as casually as he had met George Boucher at the track, Dandurand saw a referee, Ernest Savard, the morning after a junior game. Savard advised him to look closely at Howie Morenz, a young Stratford player. The Toronto St. Pats also were interested in Morenz, but the immortal Howie later admitted he signed with the Canadiens because Dandurand paid a $45 tailor's bill and gave him $300 to settle a number of small debts. His salary for the 24-game schedule was $3,500 and the contract was signed July 7. Dandurand's birthday. Accordingly Dandurand assigned Morenz sweater number 7. Eleven years later, up the auditorium of 1934, when Dandurand traded a mediocre Morenz to Chicago, he tendered him a going-away dinner and announced that no other player would ever wear Morenz's number. None ever has.

A year later Dandurand sold the club to the Canadian Arena Company. Headed by Senator Raymond for $165,000, Raymond brought back Morenz and just when it appeared he was making a strong comeback Morenz broke a leg. He died in hospital approximately of a heart attack on March 8, 1937. His body was placed at rest in state in the Forum and Canadien players formed a guard of honor as 14,000 people moved slowly and silently into the rink for the service. Outside 25,000 more stood with heads bared in chilly darkness for blocks.

Morenz was a symbol of a team which the neighbors built a rough haven for. To the millworkers and from drivers and off-duty cabbies who jammed the north end of the Forum and called themselves the Millionaires, he was a superhuman figure. Thus Baillargeon, *Les Canadiens sont là!* never reached such hockey as when Morenz hurtled down centre ice through the defense and rammed the puck past the goalkeeper.

Today, by comparison, the players are smartly uniformed young businessmen off the ice though on it they can still incite a riot. Which indeed they did on St. Patrick's Day in 1955. Rocket Richard had been suspended for hitting a referee and vociferously objecting fans broke up a game between the Canadiens and the Detroit Red Wings by hurling a tear gas bomb on the Forum ice. Outside those who couldn't get in on the festivities indoors did $30,000 worth of breaking and looting.

The draft hasn't hurt yet

Richard was a hothead for a decade while the late Dick Irvin was coaching the Canadiens. Irvin was a tough and resourceful needler who left the Canadiens after the 1954-55 season and was replaced by Toe Blake, the unnumbered. With the arrival of his old linemate Blake, Richard mellowed considerably through the last five years of his career, the long stretch of complete Canadien domination that shows no sign of abating.

There are those who feel that a comparatively recent draft law in NHL legislation will work against the Flying Frenchmen but it is likely they're sympathetic rhinestone from Montreal or wishful thinkers in the five other NHL cities.

The draft is aimed at the strongest clubs. By it each of the six teams enters an annual draft meeting with twenty players—eighteen forwards and defencemen and two goalkeepers—on a so-called protected list. None of these can be drafted by another club, but all other professional players in the farm system can be at $20,000 each. Thus, a club like the Canadiens may either sell players below the draft meeting at a higher price or wait for them to be selected at it and at the last eighteen months Frank Selke has sold Bill Hay, Murray Balfour and Ab McDonald in pre-draft deals to the Chicago Black Hawks, all three of them having helped that once pathetic organization to move into comparative contention. Bullet Eddie Litzenberger and Dollard St. Laurent were shipped to the Hawks. Selke says Chicago has been his market because the Hawk owners, James Norris Jr. and Arthur Wirtz, have lost millions trying to give their long a good team and they've been complained.

Significantly though the Canadiens have not yet lost a player in the draft itself who has come back in distress. Most notably. Accordingly there seems no reason to assume that Selke and his aides—Ken Reardon the club's vice-president, Toe Blake the coach and Sam Pollock, who guides the farm system—will suddenly be struck with myopia in spotting the potential stars when they name their protected twenty. Similarly it would seem unsensible that they'll be as adroit in pinching other teams' star prospects. If they possess as the others may be in fingering theirs.

The team's present president, Senator Hartland Molson, who bought the Canadiens in 1957 for reportedly more than a million dollars, has continued the carte-blanche policy with Selke that was originated by Senator Raymond. Add all this up and on the record it would appear that if there is any embarrassment over players in the future it will be an embarrassment of riches. ★

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WARRANTED 12,000 MILES OR ONE FULL YEAR (whichever occurs first)

You too can have a body beautiful continued from page 31

The former Mr. America pulled, but he couldn't rip the book: his hands were messy with olive oil

"You too" Dr Tilney told us "can develop a physique like Bill Cook's and overcome constipation hernia hardening of the arteries diarrhoea heart disease tuberculosis rheumatism and so forth"

We were introduced to Bill that night you old son who demonstrated the Windsor Chest Expander

"This man here the doctor said "is the strongest short man in the world He can do it — so can you" And look at this boy here Isn't he sensational? Body building in one of the finest means of overcoming juvenile delinquency If the kids in the gym you know hang out in the poolroom Why I'm sure none of you here want your boy to grow up a skinny runt — puny! You want him to be a real Winder he-man!" Some other men came out to demonstrate weightlifting

And just look at the fine equipment Windsor equipment" the doctor said

Summoned to last a lifetime No parts to break Isn't it something! And I have news for you Eaton's is going to make this beautiful equipment available to you on their wonderful nonevasive time payment plan Isn't that something?"

Bill Windsor applauded

"You men out there," the doctor said want to have the bodies the Creator meant you to have don't you?"

Mr Scotland Sr gentleman never asked if he could say a few words

"I just want to tell you he said "that I'm glad to be in your city it's a wonderful opportunity and I think body building's marvelous"

Isn't that sensational?" Dr Tilney said.

Chuck Sipos the former Mr America name still and here name enormous nails He naked for a hot warm bottle and blew it up and exploded it just like a balloon

He's demonstrating wonderful thing power Dr Tilney said

Chuck said he'd like to buy a phone book for us.

"You'll notice" the doctor said that he's starting on the real tough end the bound end of the book

Chuck pulled in just as he groaned he pulled again

A lot of just folks have heard body builders and themselves Until you just watch Chuck here demonstrate

Chuck gave up He wouldn't tear the book He apologized and explained that his hands were still greasy from having rubbed so much olive oil on his chest before posing for us.

See you on Sunday at the Monument National Dr Tilney said

The crowd began to disperse Some however stayed behind to examine the Windsor body-building equipment that was on display I want them to study Work magazines and correspondence courses and to read up on Dr Tilney's interpretation of the ground rules on Sunday

The pin-ups and articles in Muscle Builder and Mr America appeal between advertisements for Windsor equipment medicines and courses Actually the publications are more like catalogues than straightforward magazines but all the same they sell for thirty five cents each In one sensational advertisement in Muscle Builder Windsor offers his readers $50 worth of personality courses FREE — with each order for $21 95 worth of equipment Otherwise these booklets sell for a dollar each I have already referred to some of the booklets Others include HOW TO MAKE WOMEN LIKE YOU HOW TO DEVELOP LEADERSHIP QUALITIES and SEX EDUCATION FOR THE BODY BUILDER Most of the booklets shrewdly assume that the student suffers from an inferiority complex "WHAT YOU DARE TO DREAM" one booklet says DARE TO DO

All the personality-course booklets are signed Joe Weider Trainer of Champions but Dr Tilney has assured me that he is the actual author The doctor who has been in the health business for fifty years also told me that he wrote the original Charles Atlas courses in the Twenties and to his regret sold them outright for a thousand dollars

Tilney is a doctor of philosophy divinity natural law naturopathy chiropractic and food science I am indebted to Armin Mario Sampson of Trinidad for this information Sampson author of Meet Dr Frederick Tilney writes "He stands like a Colossus, a God-propelled Titan, fleetfighting the cosmos with his unpronounced thunderbolts He has zoomed up the voltage of many downtrodden souls than most all the Teachers Adepts Masters and Leaders of Man put together Most of Dr Tilney's miracles are sinuses — horrid capsules His word arrows are the language of TRUTH not the puffs of intellectual witch doctors

At his lectures tenth starved souls gulp him gems eager to utilize his jewels of Thought"

In Sampson's absorbing pamphlet given to me by Doc Fred himself there is a photograph of the "terrific, tireless trainer" with Sir William Arbuthnot Lane CB, MA MS FRCS "who was president of the British Medical Association and physician to His Majesty the Late King of England" We are told in an advertisement for Dr Tilney's books that he can teach "How to Transform Your Body into a Majestic Physique of Virile Manhood or Winsome Womanhood"

Next time I saw the doctor we were backstage at the Monumental National Theatre on the day of the Mr Universe and Mr America contests. "Would you mind telling me" I said "the name of at least one college that gave you a "

Excuse me," he said and he went to confer with the other judges Joe Pinzari of New York and Tony Lanza, of Montreal

All around me body builders were busy rubbing oil on each others backs and chests posing for photographers and trying out difficult postures before a full length mirror Ben Weider flitted anxiously from group to group like a hen terpreted schoolgirls on scholarship day I spotted my friend Mr Scotland Sr., standing alone He was like so many of the other body builders in the contest, an abnormally short man "If you ask me" he said "it's going to be Mr Guadeloupe and Mr France. They can't be beat."

Joe Weider had come in from Union City for the contest He wore a dark suit a conservative tie and a pinstripe dress shirt A romantic dreamy of him appears in almost all Weider advertisements and both labels it shows Joe with enormous arms folded over a massive bare chest his expression manly commanding There is no indication that in real life he also is a nervous twitch

"You all get into a cabin now" Joe ordered the bashful contestants *Did you hear what I said*" And he began to walk around them like a ringmaster Meanwhile Ben who was followed everywhere by a sad near sighted photographer grabbed Mr Guadeloupe "Take my picture with him Daddy Ben smiled. "Get it" The photographer nodded "Where the hell's Mr France?"

I took a seat in the orchestra pit with the judges and noted that the body builders had attracted a full house Ben Weider welcomed me on behalf of the IFBB The master of ceremonies came on and told us, I will announce each contestant as Mr So and-so from here here in English and French Then I'll tell you his weight height and measurements of chest and biceps. That's fun eh" he said grinning "and basics. I will also tell you where each contestant has flown in from for the contest"

The man was I'm sure, accurate on physical points but on the question of where the contestants came from he erred on the side of enthusiasm The engaging Japanese boy for instance, did not come from Tokyo his father had perhaps, but he had been born in Toronto Neither had another boy come from Sicily as announced He was a Torontonian Similarly Mr Calcutta and Mr Hercules of India had not as claimed flown in by jet from India It is less dramatic I know but they had come from Britain to compete in the contest

Anyway the boys followed each other on by one The former Mr Eastern Canada Jr the Most Muscular Man from the Middle Atlantic Mr Bareskin Jr Mr Montreal Mr Northern Quebec and Mr Muscle Beach And the audience was shamelessly partisan reserving its loudest applause the wildest cheers for anybody from the province of Quebec One slim another the boys slapped under the spotlight assumed a series of manly poses and showed us some muscular control The latin naivety included throwing the shoulder blades astonishingly far apart jerking breast muscles raising shoulder humps, and revolving still other muscles

During the intermission between the Mr America and Mr Universe contests I chatted with one of the more intelligent contestants, Sgt. Gerard Gougeon of the Montreal police force Gougeon thinks highly of the Weider method though he did say that in his opinion training alone at home would be dangerous for a beginner A man could lift a weight incorrectly and strain a muscle or worse He felt strongly that the only safe approach to body building was for a man to go to a gym where there was a qualified instructor

Meanwhile there was lots of activity backstage Flexibility popped Newsreel cameramen got likely winners to pose.



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Today, young Buddy Adams became a "businessman" just like his dad

This morning, Buddy Adams was almost bursting with excitement! School was closed, and he and his mother were going down to his Dad's office— to talk business," says Buddy Then over to Canada Permanent, to open a savings account all his own!

And what a businessman he was!" Kathie Adams told her husband Roy at supper 'He even asked the teller to take special care of his money, because he was saving for a new bike!"

Roy can well appreciate Buddy's excitement He remembers his own first bicycle—and all the nickels and dimes he saved to help buy it Now, he wants to teach Buddy the value of saving "Of course, we'll make sure his account grows," Roy says. "But he must still learn to save for the things he wants in life"

Roy purposely selected Canada Permanent for his son's savings. As an accountant, he has often dealt with Canada Permanent and knows its long background in savings and other services And he likes the excellent rate of interest Canada Permanent pays— that's why we keep our family account there"

Like the Adams *your* family probably has something special to save for a trip, a new car, the children's education And you will find it pays to save with Canada Permanent, where your money grows *faster* at a high interest rate, and your goals are reached *sooner*.

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Ben Weider here there everywhere attempted to gather his body-builders into a corner. "Now listen to this! Will you come here and listen please!" Slowly the boys gathered round. "There will be no more gum chewing or muscle control. And I'm not kidding guys. Anybody who does chew gum or do muscle control stunts on stage will lose points." (I was I must say, taken aback by Weider's behaviour. Only the other day I had read, in HOW TO DEVELOP LEADERSHIP QUALITIES: *Avoid shouting.* BE FIRM—BUT DON'T BULLY. The most commanding people I've met were the gentlest and the kindest. Only the weak individual becomes a bully." But this I felt was not the right time for personal reproaches.)

The second half of the program, the Mr. Universe contest, moved along more quickly than the first, and after the boys had done their bit Ben Weider summoned them into a corner once more. "OK, we're soon going to announce the results. Now listen you guys. Will you listen please. Everybody's getting a medal. But you have to be ready to go on as soon as your name is called. *Understand?*" Be ready when your name is called. And just don't come crying to me afterward and say you didn't get your medal. *Because you won't get your medal afterward.*

Before the results were announced Weider, once more composed and soft spoken, came on stage to present an award to Dr. Tilney for his tremendous contribution to the cause of body-building. "The One," he said grinning "is a real OK fella."

Then only one by one the boys names were called. Nobody came last in anything. At worst in a contestant was fourth in his class. And just as Weider had promised there were medals for everybody. Mr. Guadeloupe and Mr. France both won bigger trophies than the rest, but the big gest prize of all, Mr. Universe went to Chuck Sipes. He burst into tears.

Then it was off to City Hall in the taxis for the official reception. Dr. Tilney and the other judges had already arrived by the time I got there. There were heaps of sandwiches, strikingly reminiscent of British Railways food, and glasses of fruit juice. I sat out on long tables. Finally the boys began to turn up. And, after a short delay, Ben Weider rushed into the hall carrying diplomas in both arms. Tony Tanzer, one of the judges, went to summon the mayor.

Sarto Fontmer, then mayor of Montreal is a small man with a modest smile. He told us how much he admired body-builders. "I have been told," he said "that you boys have come from twenty different countries to compete here."

Weider didn't contact him. Instead he summoned a photographer to take pictures of himself with the mayor. Shuffling through his diplomas he began to call the boys forward. And this Weider said to the mayor, "is the young man who won the Most Muscular Man in America Award. *He's a fine French Canadian boy.* Yum, Worship."

The mayor grasped the boy's hand and smiled. Photographers came nearer. Weider smiling stepped between the mayor and the boy. He thrust his wife into the picture too.

"And this sir is Bill Cook. Mr. Iceland." Cook wore a green jacket.

"I can see," the mayor said with a twinkle in his eye, "that you are Irish."

"Ho ha ha," Weider said.

As more and more boys came forward to collect diplomas the mayor looked anxiously at his watch. Weider began to speed things up. "The mayor," Weider told us, "has taken off valuable time from his work to greet us here. Well I think everybody will agree he's a jolly good fellow." And his smile lavish he began to applaud.

I did not attempt the sandwiches or the fruit juice but went to get my coat. Looking back I saw that the mayor had got onto the Golden Book. Ben Weider and his wife, Jennifer Joe, and Chuck Sipes were all gathered round him. They smiled for the sun-spirited photographer. "No no no," I heard Weider say. "I want my wife to sign the Golden Book too." ★

JASPER — By Simpkins



"I don't care what it says, I'm crossing."



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The men drilling on Axel Heiberg sincerely hope that they won't find oil

like a skittish pony as we left the end of the glacier wheeling in circles from the white heat-reflecting ice and the mute static on that big open brown tundra beyond. A mile or two further on we glided over the expedition's base camp: two garage-sized buildings (a warehouse and lab) and a cluster of tents. The Piper Cub's deafening balloon tires trundled halfway as they brushed the first spongy hummocks of tundra and then the still earth swayed them and we stopped in a short bumpy landing. Phipps leaned

Like landing in a bowl of porridge," he said.

I was met by Dr. Fritz Müller, the expedition's scientific leader. A lithe, slim Swiss mountaineer who at thirty-four is one of the world's foremost glaciologists, Müller had done scientific work in Greenland and Canada's Mackenzie delta region but in 1956 his love for mountains and glaciers took him back to Switzerland to join the 1956 Swiss expedition to Mount Everest. While other members of this expedition chose the more glamorous role of conquering Everest's top, Müller remained at a lower level to study Everest's great Khumbu Glacier. When the Everest expedition disbanded, Müller stayed behind alone for another nine months at an energy sapping 17,000 feet to complete his Everest glaciological research. He returned to Zurich University in Switzerland and in 1958 he was brought to McGill to head the Jacobsen-McGill expedition to Axel Heiberg.

The expedition was launched by Dr. George Jacobsen, a Montreal engineer and Arctic construction expert whose fanatic love for the North led him into a thriving and lucrative Arctic building business. Jacobsen's interest in permafrost and northern construction methods dates from his student days to Iceland. After the war, when government and military agencies began seeking building specialists for Arctic bases, weather stations and radar sites, he was the most highly qualified Arctic builder available and his hobby became a major business. His firm, the Tower Company Limited, is today Canada's leading Arctic builder. But Jacobsen himself, an inordinately articulate romantic, has retained a passionate interest in northern exploration and research, and the Jacobsen-McGill Arctic Research Expedition to Axel Heiberg is its latest product. It is directed by a committee of McGill University scientists. Jacobsen, the main money raiser, is its chairman.

Jacobsen first visited Axel Heiberg in 1953. In the summer of 1959 he led the advance party of the expedition, which surveyed the island and set up the base camp. Last May, twenty-four young scientists landed there; they left in September. They will return for at least two more summers.

The expedition ushers in a new era of Arctic exploration. For the first time a major Arctic research program is trying to invest not pure scientific knowledge without military or economic application. In the past all major Arctic research has had to be sponsored by government or military agencies because of the high cost of Arctic expeditions and as a result the research has had to be channelled into usable fields such as the surveying of natural resources or the development of defense. The Jacobsen-McGill expedition is a major switch from this pattern. Its funds, about $100,000 a year, come from McGill, the National Research Council, the Arctic Institute, the Mount Everest Foundation and several industries. They include an undisclosed sum from Jacobsen himself. There is no political or military intent in confining the research. It will produce no dramatic immediate results — no new oilfields, no new mineral deposits. In fact in one project — the drilling of a hole to study permafrost and measure heat flow from the earth's interior — they are praying that they won't strike oil for this would nullify it all. The expedition will simply contribute to the realm of pure and basic science: to better understanding of the earth on which we live.

"Basic research has become the scientific shibboleth of the modern world and it has been especially neglected in the Arctic," Dr. Jacobsen said. "But scientists needs the opportunity to do this kind of research. It cannot move forward if it is limited to explore only the channels of science that can pay off in dollars and cents. These boys are the new Arctic explorers, the modern Stefanssons and Franklins. There are no new lands to be discovered in the Arctic. The only new frontiers are the new frontiers of knowledge that these boys are now exploring."

Axel Heiberg was chosen as the research site because its access and glaciers provided an excellent opportunity for glaciological studies and because this second northernmost Arctic island is Canada's last major unknown frontier. Discovered in 1900, it was seen by only a dozen men in the next fifty years before RCAF mapping planes began photographing its rugged topography in 1959. It is still one of the most inaccessible Canadian Arctic islands. Until 1947, when a weather station was established at Eureka, it could be reached only by an overwinter sled journey. Even today, with a landing ship and refueling base at Eureka, it can be reached only by helicopter or by light planes with undercarriages redesigned for landing on glaciers or unprepared tundra. It is estimated that fewer than fifty men have set foot upon it to this day — and half of them were last summer's scientific party.

But Axel Heiberg in a few years will be one of the best known regions of Canada's Arctic, for the Jacobsen-McGill researchers are working in all the basic earth sciences to fit together a scientific picture of the region. They are studying its climate, meteorology, its soils, permafrost and geological structure, and its plants and wild life. But the main study is the island's glaciology.

Glaciers and the mountaintop icecaps that feed them are a fascinating storehouse of information about the earth's past, for their compressed and layered ice can be thousands of years old, providing a record of past climates, snowfall and vegetation. These studies are of special interest to Canada: geologists, for all of Canada has been covered by ice sheets at least four times in the past million years; Canada's surface topography, its zones of agricultural soil, its lakes and drainage systems are all products of gigantic geological forces that study the glaciers and ice caps that survive today. From these modern studies have come theories as to how Ice Ages were caused, and clues to the inevitable question this subject poses: Is the earth just coming out of the past Ice Age or coming another?

Within an hour of my landing on Axel Heiberg, Jacobsen and Müller were snorting, ten across, two miles of tundra and glacier, from the ice research camp that Phipps had pointed out to me on the flight in. And Müller began filling me in on some of the fundamentals of icecap and glacier lore. Icecaps occur wherever more snow falls in winter than can be melted the following summer, and as surplus piles up year after year, pressure and the refreezing of summer meltwater turn the accumulating snow into ice. As thickness and pressure build up, the lower strata of ice become plastic and are squeezed outward at the bottom, producing the rivers of ice down most main valleys that are called glaciers. In the





warmer climate of lower altitudes, glaciers reach a point where they melt back in summer at the rate at which they are fed from the icecap above. They are then in balance and the glacier's frontal tongue changes its position only in response to long-term changes in climate, often shifting only a few feet backward or forward in centuries.

How do you determine a glacier's age? How do you measure its movement when the movement is so slow that a man could sit and watch it for a lifetime and detect no change? To answer these questions Müller and his team are conducting investigations some of which are so bizarre and ingenious they would do credit to the imagination of a science fiction writer.

One technique being used on Axel Heiberg for measuring the rate at which glaciers retreat was first conceived by a young Austrian botany student when he was crawling through an Innsbruck cemetery with a magnifying glass studying the growth of lichens on old tombstones. Lichens are very small, scaly plants that begin growing on bare rock as soon as the rock is exposed to sunlight. They grow extremely slowly, spreading out in a thin, crusty mat, often taking centuries to grow a few inches. The student was Roland Beschel who came to Canada in 1955. Now, with a PhD for his work in lichenology, he is on the faculty of Queen's University at Kingston. Beschel found that each species of lichen grows at a standard rate depending on the climate and the rate can be worked out from tombstones whose dates indicate when the growth began. Subsequent studies in old Greenland cemeteries have enabled him to adjust his lichen clock for Arctic species of lichen. He is now studying the lichens on rocks in front of Axel Heiberg glaciers, in this way determining how long it has been since the ice moved back, exposing the rocks and allowing the lichen growth to begin.

Before we examine Beschel's findings let's look at some of the other techniques being used for reading the life stories of Axel Heiberg's glaciers.

One involves study of a sort of glacier credit and debit bookkeeping. The amount of new ice being added to the upper icecap each winter and the amount lost through melting and evaporation from the glacier tongues each summer are carefully calculated and a glacier balance sheet compiled to indicate whether the icecap and its glaciers *en masse* are gaining or losing. It will take several years to produce comprehensive results from this study.

Then too icecaps and glaciers show annual layers, much like the growth rings of trees. The layers are produced by the thawing and refreezing of each year's snowfall and they are accentuated by the dust and sand that blow onto the ice each summer. One of the major Jacobsen-McGill projects is the digging of pits deep into the ice to study these annual layers. It is slow, hard work. One pit last summer was put down twenty-five feet to the 1911 level, but during the next two summers the glaciologists hope to get down a hundred feet, reaching ice a couple of centuries old. These pits will show whether ice accumulation is increasing or decreasing.

Müller expects to find that the layering will become indistinct at depth because of the pressure of ice above, but he will still be able to determine the age of ice by measuring the loss of radioactivity from radioactive oxygen and carbon isotopes that the ice will contain. This radioactive decay progresses at a known measurable rate that tells how long it has been since the isotopes were free elements in the atmosphere, thus indicating when the ice was formed.

An intriguing sidelight to this study will be an analysis of Arctic ice for traces of sulphur and carbon from the factory chimneys of the earth's industrial regions. The atmosphere of the earth's north temperate zone became laden with sulphur and carbon when the industrial revolution began in Europe and America in the nineteenth century. If this industrial pollution is present in Arctic air it will be picked up by falling snow and be present in glacier ice.

"We shall start looking for sulphur and carbon at the 1870 ice stratum, where it begins appearing in European glaciers," Müller explained. "If it isn't there we shall begin seeking it at higher levels."

One Greenland study of this nature found no traces of sulphur and carbon, suggesting that industrial wastes that began entering northern air as smoke ninety years ago have not yet reached the Arctic. But the accuracy of this study has been questioned. Meteorologists responsible for weather forecasting are anxious to know the extent and rate at which the earth's different air masses mix. The answer may be found deep down in the crushing ice of Axel Heiberg's glaciers.

The Axel Heiberg research has been in progress only one summer and it will continue for at least two summers more. What have they learned up to this stage? Can they say yet whether the earth is emerging from a dying Ice Age or on the threshold of a new one?

Glaciers act like gigantic bulldozers, pushing in front of them great mounds of rock and earth that the geologists call moraines. The moraine farthest in front of a glacier marks its farthest advance. A study of the moraines associated with Axel Heiberg's largest glacier — Iceberg Glacier — indicates that its front has moved back about three miles. How long has this retreat required? One of Roland Beschel's first lichen clocks was on rocks three miles in front of the Iceberg Glacier. One slow-growing species of lichen he found there, a tiny yellow and black one named *Rhizocarpon*, had produced rosettes of growth never more than two inches across. Another, an attractive silver gray one named *Lecidea*, a faster-growing species, had produced growths five inches across. Beschel, applying the lichen growth computations he had made in Austria and Greenland, determined that these particular lichens had begun their slow creeping growth about the year 1600. This, then, was the date at which Iceberg Glacier began moving back, exposing the rocks in front of it. It has taken three and a half centuries to retreat three miles.

But for White Glacier, a medium-sized one near the Jacobsen-McGill base camp, Beschel's lichen clock had a very different story. Here he found 2,000-year-old lichens just a few dozen yards in front of it, indicating its front has moved little in twenty centuries.

These and preliminary investigations of other glaciers have already shown that there is no uniform retreat in progress for all Axel Heiberg glaciers. Many of them are retreating, but many like White are stationary and a few are advancing. But this is not the whole story, for studies of advance or retreat refer only to the area covered by ice. An icecap or glacier can be stationary or even increasing its area, yet be reducing in over-all bulk because it is getting thinner. And there is considerable evidence that this is happening on Axel Heiberg.

Ice soundings on White Glacier were begun last summer using seismic methods — the firing off of a dynamite blast on the ice surface and timing the return of the shock wave echo from the rock beneath the ice. The readings the researchers obtained indicate this glacier near its tongue is only about a hundred feet thick — much thinner than they expected.

"We feel that the icecap up on the top is also much thinner than we first believed, although we have no seismic readings yet to confirm this," Dr. Müller said. "The peaks and the bottom topography are showing through the icecap more than our first examinations led us to believe."

They were surprised to discover that the surface of White Glacier melts down about ten feet each summer and they doubt if the annual flow from the icecap above is sufficient to make up entirely this annual summer loss. This rapid melting of the surface created a novel problem in the maintenance of research camps on the glacier. Whenever a tent was pitched the ice beneath it was shielded from the sun and ceased melting. But surrounding ice continued to melt and the effect after

FAIR EXCHANGE

Now that the youngsters
are all back at school
I'm not nearly
so pumped and nervous
I've gained quite a few
peaceful hours, but lost
My telephone
answering service

MARGARET STAPLEY

The man's wine that women like

A man likes a wine with body to it. He likes a wine that's robust and straightforward. A wine that sits well with cheese and crackers, of an evening. That's Mazel Tov. Women like a wine that is sweet to the taste, without being cloying. They like a wine that's crisp and has a smack to it. They like a wine they can be sure their guests will enjoy. That's Mazel Tov.

Man or woman, like wine or no, chances are you'll like Mazel Tov. Why not try it? You've got a whole world of pleasure to gain.



MAZEL TOV

Bright's FINE CANADIAN *Wines* SINCE 1874

What's New?
Cat Food made with REAL CHICKEN!



NEW CHICKEN CAT FOOD

FROM PUSS'N BOOTS

REAL CHICKEN . . . not just chicken flavour! That's the wonderful difference your cat can taste. But there's more than just a difference in taste! New scientifically balanced Chicken Puss 'n Boots contains every known cat-health vitamin and mineral to keep your cat fit and happy. Here's a wonderful way to vary your cat's diet and still give him the high nutrition he gets in famous Whole Fish Puss 'n Boots Cat Food.

Look for NEW Chicken Puss 'n Boots in the bright new yellow label, and the Original Whole Fish Puss 'n Boots in the new blue label.

a few weeks was to leave the teal standing on a pedestal of ice from which it had to be moved periodically on a ladder used to climb into it

Although the picture isn't uniform for all the island glaciers, Axel Heiberg's ice does seem to be waning. The cause can only be a warming of the Arctic's climate which may have begun according to Beschel's theories, around 1600 in Axel Heiberg's latitude. Scientists have been aware for some years that the lower Arctic is warming slowly but there has been no previous research in the High Arctic to indicate whether the same thing is happening there. If subsequent Jacobsen-McGill research proves definitely that the High Arctic is warming too this will have a close and direct link with the story of past Ice Ages and possible future ones a widely accepted theory today is that Ice Ages are caused not by a cooling climate but by a warming of the Arctic primarily a warming of the Arctic Ocean itself.

The Ice Ages that have four times buried Canada and the northern U.S. into one vast glacier were simply scrapes like the Axel Heiberg one but on a continental scale. Contrary to popular belief the ice sheets did not push out from a centre in the North Pole their centre was well south of the Arctic in the Labrador and Hudson Bay region. Here across thousands of square miles, there have been periods when more snow fell each winter than could melt before the next winter. It piled up compressed into ice and after thousands of years the great weight of its centre would begin pushing out its edges in all directions.

It is difficult to work out a precise Ice Age chronology but the last ice sheet probably began pushing outward from its Hudson Bay centre about 100,000 years ago. For thousands of years it crept onward at front probably moving no more than a hundred feet a year. It covered the prairies and Great Lakes region pushed on to Nebraska, Illinois and southern Ohio. Two miles thick at its centre, it probably thinned to about a mile at its front. Rocks frozen into its bottom made it a gigantic sheet of sandpaper that ripped off hills and mountains and ganged out new lake basins wherever it found a gouge of softer bedrock. All life fled southward before it.

And then about 15,000 years ago something happened to melt off the heavy snow all around Hudson Bay. In six ice removed the great ice sheet began shrinking back. According to current dating methods, the ice there didn't uncover the Great Lakes region until just 5,000 to 8,000 years ago which is recent indeed as geologists measure time.

What had happened? There have been various Ice Age explanations, but a current one gaining wide acceptance regards the Arctic Ocean and its floating cargo as the trigger that governs the coming and going of Ice Ages. The theory holds that the Arctic Ocean hasn't always been covered with ice as it is today. As the ice sheets of each Ice Age melt ocean levels rise, permitting more and more warm Atlantic water to spill over shallow ocean bottom hills of rock between Greenland and Norway which largely separate the Arctic and Atlantic Oceans, during eras of low water. This intrusion of Atlantic water slowly warms Arctic waters the North Pole icepack melts and the Arctic Ocean becomes an open water sea. Air masses moving southward from the North Pole can then absorb much more moisture than they can when the Arctic Ocean is capped with ice. This moisture is dumped in the form of exceptionally heavy snowfall on the mainland of northern Canada and a new Ice Age begins.

More and more of the earth's water then becomes locked up in the continental ice sheets and ocean levels drop. The amount of warm Atlantic water entering the Arctic is reduced the Arctic Ocean cools and a new Arctic icepack forms. When this occurs the supply of moisture feeding snow to northern Canada is suddenly cut off and the Ice Age ends.

Where are we now in this cycle?

The warming of the Arctic particularly High Arctic regions like Axel Heiberg adjacent to the Arctic Ocean may mean that the last water trip is turning on again and more water Atlantic water is passing over the Greenland-Norway sills into the Arctic Ocean. At present the Arctic Ocean is covered with six to ten feet of permanent ice — the thick rigid shield that protects us from another glacial era — but if the warming trend persists this will eventually go great snow clouds will again pour down over Labrador and Hudson Bay and another Ice Age will begin.

But the work of the Jacobsen-McGill expedition on Axel Heiberg shows that it is all happening with prodigious slowness and it will be thousands of years yet before another continental ice sheet begins to threaten Canadian real estate values.

Scientists are convinced however that some day the implacable tide of ice will come again for Ice Ages it is now generally agreed are a natural and recurring feature of our not too stable earth and the ending of one Ice Age automatically sets in motion the conditions that trigger the next.

So Is Axel Heiberg's waiting to creep in old Ice Age dying or a new one begin rising? Apparently it is both ★



"That reminds me... have you seen the *new* Imperial *Streamlined* Decanter?"



For your convenience, this superb light whisky is now in a slim, *streamlined* Decanter ... easy to carry ... reflecting fine quality when you entertain. Be sure to try Imperial now. Whatever brand you've been using, chances are you'll prefer Imperial for its outstanding smoothness and mellow maturity.

IMPERIAL

ESTD 1858

Canadian Whisky

Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Canada

IMPERIAL by HIRAM WALKER



The one doctor in four talks back

Continued from page 29

nitely all his product was recommended for this and nothing else.

Thousands of gallons of iron-deficient medicine are sold each year in this country. One reason is that the symptoms they claim to relieve — tiredness, listlessness, depression—are common to many illnesses, both minor and major. Another and more subtle reason is that iron has long been the symbol of strength. To the man or woman concerned about sexual potency a medicine chock full of iron has an appeal.

The advertisers of nostrums have cunningly gone rummaging in the attic of long-forgotten and discarded remedies. A familiar product to TV viewers is a "greaseless stainless rub that banishes aches and pains by its soothing healing deep heat." The deep heat part of the claim is sheer nonsense. If you have a pain in your shoulder or back and want the comforting effects of heat there's nothing better — or more economical — than plain heat. A hot bath or an electric pad is more effective than any chemical preparation.

Some liniments and ointments are lauded and glorified because they redden the skin. Rebute your very eyes, you can see them in action driving out the pain! Don't be misled. We've had these so-called remedies for centuries. They're called rubefacients. The worst of these was "fly blister." This was cantharidin an extract from the ground up bodies of a Spanish fly. The idea goes back to ancient Egypt where the beetle kantharos was worshipped for its medicinal properties. It was still in use when I was a student half a century ago. Applied to the skin it raised a blister so cruel that you could forget your pains. This was in wide use in those days. Also in wide use were emphasized oil, oil of wintergreen, mustard oil and a number of other evil-smelling oils with which you were supposed to rub yourself. They went out when aspirin came in.

Today we find that several smelly concoctions are being revived and endowed with miraculous healing properties. The same old remedies were useless in the old days and they're still useless. What have suddenly made them desirable in the public mind are the expensive animated cartoons used by the advertisers. An atomic little munikin spouts pseudo-scientific facts that befuddle the consumer. There is the diagram of the painful back made more realistic by little devils driving spikes into the affected area. There is the dissolve into a live smiling, muscular human stripped to the waist flexing his Herculean muscles to demonstrate the rapid relief he got from a backache — one he did not have in the first place — merely by rubbing a little Purple Magic into the affected area. They're all nonsense.

Many of these preparations claim to bring relief from the pain of arthritis and rheumatism. A huckster shouts at you from the screen: Don't let that malaise and arthritis take some of the joy out of your life. Just watch this." A smelly goo is rubbed on the painfully



Take the guess out of gift-giving with

Royal Bank Money Orders

Here's a wonderful idea for Christmas giving — particularly if you have friends or relatives who "have everything", or live far away. Send a gift of cash so they can choose what they really want. Drop into your nearest 'Royal' branch, ask for whatever number of Money Orders you require, and mail them off with your greeting. We supply a gay Christmas card and envelope, all ready for mailing, free with every Money Order you buy. You can use Royal Bank Money Orders to send gifts of cash to friends or relatives in Canada, the U.S., Great Britain or The West Indies — and Royal Bank Drafts to send money elsewhere in the world.



It says so on the card and envelope you receive free with every Money Order.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

The bank with 1,000 front doors



modern elegance from

Switzerland

HOVERTA

In Watches of Switzerland

Quality and craftsmanship are exalted in every HOVERTA Watch. Incomparably beautiful and dependable you can give no finer gift. See your jeweller's selection of HOVERTA Watches today! From $37.50 to $500.



m5078 14 kt. gold white and yellow 17 jewels, shockproof $64.50



m7522 Automatic. Shockproof, water proof. Stainless steel case. Also in yellow and 14 kt. gold top. From $88.50.

THE PERFECT GIFT

VISE-GRIP®



AT YOUR DEALER

Made by PETERSEN MFG. CO., DeWitt, Nebr., U.S.A.
Canadian Sales Representatives:
MONAHAN SUPPLY CORP., LTD.
Dept. M 12 Toronto, Ont.

"Doctors know most headaches start here," it says. But they don't know

crippled hands of a patient and lo and behold shes playing the piano "Only an hour ago" says the pitchman triumph antly these hands were in pain Relief starts within thirty seconds

Would that things worked as simply As every doctor will tell you arthritis and rheumatism are serious complicated diseases and the medical profession is under no illusions about the difficulty of treating them We doctors are the first to admit that we have no adequate method of treatment Even a drug as powerful as cortisone fails to give us the results we desire And even when we get partly beneficial results, they don't come as quickly or as completely as the picture on the TV screen suggests What's more, relief is only temporary IT'S a pity that the public is persuaded to waste so much money on preparations for rheumatism and arthritis

Years ago too, we used to put a drop of oil of wintergreen or oil of peppermint on the pillow of a coughing child It was quite useless and quite harmless unless the child got his fingers on the stuff and rubbed his eyes then there was real trouble. Now I see these long forgotten and discarded remedies blatantly advertised as giving quick relief to the child because of congestion " Congestion of what? Evidently the worn pungent the preparation is the more effective it is One product is guaranteed to contain "menthol camphor and other medicinally active ingredients " The soothing scent that accompanies this information shows a child tossing in bed a smiling mother holding up the vaporizer that will "give hours of relief A few seconds later the mother tiptoes out of the room of her blissfully calmed and sleeping child How goldfish can we be?

At least half a dozen cough remedies are being pushed at the public via the airwaves A typical spiel goes, "Is your child bothered by night cough? Well, here's how he can get restful healing sleep Brand X is the sure natural way to relieve a child's cough fast " Obviously, this appeal is directed at tired worried parents kept awake at night by their children's coughing But parents should keep this in mind there is no efficient cough medicine in existence And it's a funky thing too Anybody unable to cough when he had to would soon drown in his own secretions. And by the way what's nature's way" of "the sure natural way of healing? Most doctors would be grateful if the medicine merchants would supply details One thing I'm sure of if you use medicine that is certainly not nature's way

For imaginative fiction and lively graphics, the advertisements for headache cures are probably unsurpassed. A simple drawing of a head appears on the screen with an arrow pointing to a spot near the top Doctors know most headaches start right here" says the voice Another manufacturer portrays a head that is being pinched and pounded to the accompaniment of What's the greatest cause of headache? It's tension TENSION TENSION When things go wrong tension can build up, up Suddenly you've got a miserable headache

This kind of advertising may sell headache pills but it's not telling the whole truth You can't generalize about headaches It's true that some headaches may be caused by tension On the other hand the nurse may be a gastric upset or even a brain tumor Headaches, like fever are a symptom and no simple general explanation about them can possibly be either helpful or accurate However I must say this particular form of TV graphic art is exciting, convincing and easy to follow

One of the more enterprising headache pill entrepreneurs proclaims to the world that his product contains "not one but three ingredients" that kill pain and furthermore "three out of four doctors recommend these ingredients" There's nothing dishonest about this claim it's just that the manufacturer is kidding the public into believing he's selling them something special I'm reminded of the drug company that once marketed a product for the public with the boast, "This preparation contains absolutely no glucose. Glucose of course is a harmless sugar The public was unaware of it and the product sold nicely until the hoax was revealed

So it is with the headache pill with the three ingredients whose aspirin phenacetin and caffeine To my knowledge, a pill made up of these three ingredients has been in existence for at least fifty years and perhaps longer All doctors not only those out of form have used this combination regularly It's a traditionally good mixture for some pains, for headaches and fever Again I'm the fourth doctor—because I do recommend these drugs, but not under the trade name.

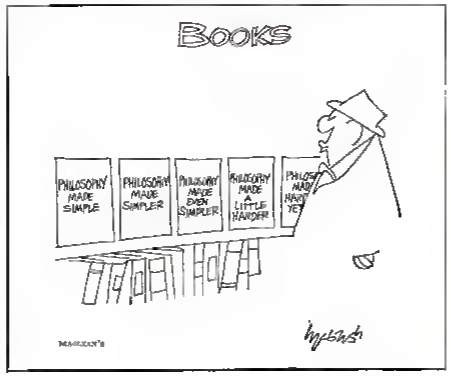
Another product that the advertiser boasts is "used with complete confidence by many doctors" is a certain laxative described as "natural-acting." I have no argument with the product itself because this principal ingredient is phenolphthalein It would be no exaggeration to say that for years it has been used not by "many doctors but by all doctors although not under the brand name. The danger of promoting any laxative is that it will be used indiscriminately A laxative has symbolic value. To the person suffering discomfort regardless of the cause, what could make more sense than alternating or expurgating something that he suspects may be doing him harm? But frequent use of even a mild laxative can irritate the intestines Advertising claims to the contrary the only thing that's really close to "natural action" is natural action itself

But why go on? It should be noted that Canadian radio and television are not given to the extravagant and lo discriminate advertising of drugs for self medication Our neighbors to the south are much more lax, and since the greatest part of our population lives close to the border we get the spillover of unusually advertised U.S. remedies.

Ask yourself if you really believe that psoriasis can be cured by a startling and new scientific discovery? Why have we ignorant unlearned doctors not heard of this boon? And if we have why are we holding it from our patients? If eczema can be relieved in a week acne banished creaking joints liberated—these are all advertising claims — why doesn't your physician act promptly?

The answer of course, is that such claims are misleading or false. Remember that nothing makes a doctor happier than to see his patient restored to normal health Until we have every safe scientific method of treatment to attain this end A doctor loves to cure He doesn't always succeed but he does what he can with the equipment at his disposal whatever brains and judgment God has given him and whatever is available through the research of scientists in various fields. Latent hostility to the medical profession is the hostility that any person may develop toward a benefactor and failing for nostrums is but an expression of distrust. If it is a choice between self medication and relying on a qualified physician you are better off with the latter

There are all kinds of doctors. A famous British lady "doctor" who was for years regarded as an authority on birth control and on foods was a doctor of geology Perhaps she was one of the three recommending doctors Remember that ethical practising doctors of medicine don't recommend anything on a three-out-of four basis. They recommend what is necessary and useful In each particular case They do not lend themselves to sideways, but rely on the results of the careful scientific research that emanates from our great universities Above all they do not deal in secrets The then doctors may recommend a soap because it is the only soap that contains X 345 And X 345 may be an antiseptic of some sort, known and used by doctors under its real name but they have no interest in mystic names or mystic numbers ★



this Christmas... put a shoe in his sock!



(and make sure it's Leather)

What's the secret of finding a man-pleasing gift? Give him a gift he'd choose himself! Nothing fits the bill (and his feet) like a pair of Leather shoes in one of the many new styles Men appreciate the quality of shoes crafted of fine Leather — with leather soles and leather linings as well Visit his favorite shoe store . . you will enjoy selecting his shoes from the many handsome Leather styles, masculine colors and textures. And if you're not sure of size and style . . . a shoe Gift Certificate will delight him just as much.

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, sponsored by
TANNERS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

YOU WILL FIND A WIDE COLLECTION OF LEATHER GIFT SHOES AT STORES FEATURING THESE BRANDS.

AGNEW SURPASS
AID AWEIKER
BUCKINGHAM
CORONA
DACK'S
DAOUST
DOCTORS—COCK O' THE NORTH
DUFRESNE
ESQUIRE
FLORSHEIM
FOOT JOY
FOOTSAVERS
GALE
GREB
THE HARTT SHOE
HEWETSON DRESS CASUALS
JARMAN CUSTOM
JARMAN DE LUXE
DR LOCKE
THE McHALE SHOE
NUNN BUSH
OAKWOOD
PEDWIN
RAND
RITCHIE HANDCRAFT
ROYAL RICHMOND
SAVAGE SENIORS
SCAMPERS
SEALMASTER
SPORTSMAN
TEBBUTT
WILLIAMS



I went back behind the Iron Curtain continued from page 23

"I don't know whether our hotel room in Prague was wired, but friends were certain it was"

(They refer to it as "sanatorium") is considered unfortunate but it's too frequent an occurrence to arouse deep pity.

The Hotel Alcron where we stayed had always been frequented mainly by visitors from the West and I used to look at it with awe and admiration. Even a cup of coffee in the lobby used to be a special treat. And now we had a night in the Alcron Club $6 a day) laden with heavy crystal vases and ashtrays and belonged to the once revered group of foreign tourists who use a magic language flavored with words like Air France and Pan Am and who can base a drink at the bar and then get up and fly to Madrid or Tokyo.

It should have made me extremely happy and in a way it did but nevertheless I hated the Alcron. Perhaps it was because the receptionist told me sternly that I had better speak in Czech to him from now on when I asked for the key in English after nine years in Canada. I am not really used to taking orders from hotel clerks or anyone else. Or perhaps it was because of the tape recorder we'd heard about. I don't know for sure whether the rooms in the hotel are wired but some of our friends insisted they were.

Don't forget to praise everything when you are in your room please someone told us the second night. "It's not enough to watch what you say. You should take five or ten minutes every day to tell them how much you like it all."

So from then on we made little enthusiastic speeches nightly before we turned out the light.

The first evening we spent alone still walking along the familiar streets trying to recapture the atmosphere of our student days. There were the little hotdog stands (refurbished now), the cafes on the first floor and the nightclubs in the basements and the lineups in front of the movies. We were surprised to see the posters of Western films (War and Peace, Twelve Angry Men). Naturally the majority of the theatres featured Russian or satellite pictures. There were no film ops there.

There are still meatless months

Prague has become the meeting place of the Communist world. Students from Africa and Chinese trade delegations mingle with the Romanian and East German tourists. When we left twelve years ago the Germans were so much hated in Czechoslovakia that to say a sentence in their language would have got anyone in to great trouble. Today the slogan is "One German is not like the other," meaning that only the West Germans are responsible for the occupation and the wartime atrocities — the East Germans are all "brothers."

There have been other changes too. Twelve years ago you couldn't buy a decent meal in Prague to get a bunch of grapes you had to stand in line for hours and the only things displayed in the stores were the saleslady. Today almost everything can be obtained although we were told that there were still meatless months and eggless months, lemonless weeks and so on.

But the prices run high. The average person earns around 1,500 crowns a month. A pair coat for a woman costs 1,300 crowns. For his monthly wages a worker can buy four pairs of shoes or 10½ pounds of good coffee. For a washing machine he would have to work four months.

Even though the rents are incredibly cheap and the basic food isn't expensive either, people are constantly short of money and to buy anything they have to give up three others. Most would be quite willing to give up almost everything to buy a car but this is nearly out of the question. Prospective buyers have to fill out a form and wait for three or four years. There is also a free market for cars but the prices are so high that people daren't show that they have that much money — even if they do have it.

To me the most conspicuous change on the face of Prague is what I call the New Look. It would be hard to explain exactly how the New Look is achieved but it does make the crowds look frightening. New Looks don't wear cloth they wear up their bodies with something that always looks grey no matter what color it may be and always seems three sizes bigger or smaller than its wearer. It is not so much a sign of poverty as a deliberate dreadlessness against bourgeois fashion. Ties for instance are extremely cheap yet no one wears them and the white shirts seem to attract only the African students, who are usually dressed with all the care of an Esquire model. And Prague used to be an elegant Western city!

Whether it was because of the New Look or because of the years that had passed I didn't quite manage to relieve a bond with it. Most of the time I remained a tourist visiting the capital of the Czechoslovak Republic.

The day after we arrived our friends descended on us. They were quite the same as the last time we had seen them except that there were twelve years added to their faces and none of them rebelled any more.

"You haven't changed at all!" "You haven't changed at all!" they kept exclaiming. "We thought you must be Americanized by now."

"What exactly do you mean by that?" I inquired.

"We thought you would talk only about money," said one — and wear light blue suits and violent hats and show off terribly."

Most of our friends didn't come to the point.

"The Alcron is a dangerous hotel," they explained. "It's being watched and to be seen there is a point against you."

They preferred to walk, while they talked and so we walked incessantly up and down the streets until three o'clock every morning. This was mainly necessary because of the kader. The kader is the file the state has on every citizen. It is the story of his life and includes everything from the social position of his parents to his behavior in school at work and at play to his preferences in books in food and in friends. Nothing a citizen does can ever be forgotten for it is all there in black and white and wherever he goes his kader follows him. From time to time he has to fill out questionnaires to keep the kader up to date. An always recurring question is whether he has friends or relatives in the West. For people in a preferred position, it is advisable not to.

Most visiting expatriates will find that friends behind the Iron Curtain can be divided into two groups. There is the group of complainers. Members of this group go to great trouble to obtain some suitably impoverished rags before they meet the rich Westerners. They also rub themselves of the services of hairdressers who specialize in "heartbreak hairdos." As a result the Western relative arrives home with a gnawing contempt and his firm resolution to invest all his savings in pretzels for the unfortunate from now on. And then there are the proud ones. Most of our friends belonged to the latter group.

It's much better than you thought it could be, until we were asked again and again.

Actually I don't know whether it was better or worse. Oh yes it was better. In that we could buy anything and the food was good and quite inexpensive and no one we knew had been arrested lately and the people were quite gay and satisfied. But that was just it. It was all so final. Nobody we met seemed to conceive that there could be another way of life. They have accepted it and given up all thoughts of change and all hope in the West which they regard as weak, stupid

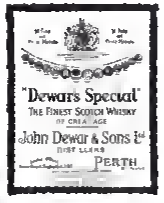
There are 3 more reasons *why* these men prefer Dewar's.



1. They're travellers and they know that the universal demand for Dewar's has made it available in every province of Canada—in every country throughout the world.
2. They prefer this great Scotch whisky because it is superbly blended—*naturally* smooth.
3. Confidence! Experience has proven to these man that Dewar's never varies.



"Dewar's Special"
SCOTCH WHISKY
"It never varies"
distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland





long-lasting PREMIER Galvanized Steel serves you better... reduces maintenance costs

Canada's road engineers are keeping construction costs down with Dofasco steels and giving you safer highways in the bargain!

You'll see Dofasco PREMIER Galvanized Steel, for instance, in guard rails, direction signs, abutments, culverts all along the road — and nothing can match it for extra years of maintenance-free service. The lasting quality is built in by Dofasco's continuous galvanizing process which bonds rust-resistant zinc evenly and permanently to the steel. This protective coating will not crack, flake or peel — prevents rust from getting a toe hold.

Road builder or road user, you get fullest value for your money from the variety of modern steels — made in Canada — by Dofasco.

DOMINION FOUNDRIES AND STEEL, LIMITED HAMILTON, ONTARIO



CULVERTS made from Dofasco copper bearing galvanized steel flex to absorb impact of loads that crack rigid type installations. Long life is assured.



RETAINING WALLS now united from Dofasco PREMIER are composed of deeply corrugated sections. Their high resistance to corrosion means less maintenance—greater stability.





A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

ELECTRA 225 4 DOOR RIVIERA SEDAN

Good taste is styling whose time has arrived

Good taste is not alone the product of the maker's hand, nor the acceptance by the customer's eye, but the accord of both

On the shifting sands of style, it is rare indeed when a perfectly styled car and a public which is perfectly attuned to this styling coincide

The 1961 Buick is such a car

Its "Clean Look of action" has won hearts and hurrahs like no other car has in this decade. With every clean, fresh line dawning through from front to rear with not a single break, nit band, or dip, or bulge, this Buick speaks an elegance of simplicity... And its good taste speaks so well of you

Whitewall tires optional at extra cost

We would be delighted to see your reaction to the new Comfort Zone roominess of this car to witness your delight with the new ride and its turbine-smooth, Wildcat-responsive power

Your Dealer would be most pleased to put a Buick at your disposal sometime when it's convenient for you to take a quest drive...

'61 BUICK SPECIAL SKYLARK INVICTA ELECTRA

and doomed to extinction. They didn't seem to want to be freed or saved or treated like human beings who have the right to choose and decide and say and read what they want. Freedom is like a rare piece of art that only a few treasure highly — the average man seems to have little use for it.

"It's much better than it was," they kept saying and this is true. It is better than the war and better than the Nazi occupation but to those of us who have something else to compare it with it still seems pretty grim.

Undoubtedly the state does give certain things. It gives free books and pencils to schoolchildren. It gives employment to everyone: this is sometimes achieved by shifting the people from place to place, from town to country whether they want it or not. The state gives insurance against sickness. Socialized medicine in Czechoslovakia isn't always honey. People can't choose their physicians. Consequently many try to bribe certain doctors they trust into seeing them. Next step: certain doctors get arrested for taking bribes or just for earning people they were not supposed to treat.

However, the truth remains that if someone is really sick he will get all the care and attention and all the drugs he needs free of charge. He will also be flown to another country for an operation by a specialist should that be needed.

In two weeks he and the Iron Curtain we saw hardly a pregnant woman. Abortions in Czechoslovakia and Hungary are free and legal. There are special committees that decide whether they are justified or not. Besides health they also accept social reasons: if there is no husband or if the husband is not the father, or even if the woman already has two children and doesn't want to have more.

The more you talk to the inhabitants of Communist countries the more envy need you are, that one can do just about everything, with people and they will get used to it. In 1953 there's about monetary reform started to spread in Czechoslovakia. These were discouraged. On the eve of the exchange, the state radio branded everyone who would spread such an unjustified lie as a traitor and enemy of the state. Next day the old money ceased to be accepted. Prices went down five to one but for every new crown people had to pay fifty old ones.

"But this simple theft?" I asked the men who told me about it. "It was on the street after midnight so I left safe."

"It was bad," he said slowly. "Many committed suicide. Mostly old ladies who lost all their savings. But I suppose it had to be done."

We didn't always walk on the streets. Sometimes we went to wonderful old restaurants where Czechs were drinking beer before America was discovered. We sat around in the parks of petticoats, castles — which we were told were not open to the public. (This would have been impressive if we didn't happen to know that they were open to the public before the war too.) We visited our favorite spots and former headquarters and looked down at the Moldau and up at the Royal Palace but it didn't mean as much as I thought it would.

Over huge wiener schnitzels and pork with cabbage as only the Czechs can prepare it we were asked over and over how it felt to be home again.

It felt uncomfortable. Everyone was extremely nice and friendly and as far as I know no one followed us with or without sickle in hand. After the first two days I never thought that any harm could come to us but it was still a great relief to be in the plane to Budapest.

Compared to Prague, Budapest at first sight is poor and shabby. Parts of it are still in ruins and it is difficult to distinguish between the ruins of 1944 and those of 1956. Although the greater part of the damage from the 1956 uprising has been repaired there is hardly a house without bullet holes and the entire city looks as if it hadn't seen a painter's brush for decades.

It was heartbreaking to see the conditions under which some of our friends live there: the dark corridors, the shabby courtyards, the paint peeling from the walls. There are no landlords to care — nearly all the houses belong to the state now. To have anything repaired one needs special persuasion. It takes ages to get it. But the people there are used to such conditions.

"Wait until you see the boulevards all lit up," we were told. And so we waited and saw them. They were swimming in just about as much light as the main street of a Canadian village. Neon signs are almost non-existent.

Apart from that Budapest is paradise after Prague.

"The only place where I would like to emigrate to is Hungary," a friend in Prague had said. "For us Budapest is the West."

It isn't the West but the difference between the two capitals is unbelievable. There is definitely a "they can't do what they want to us, we showed them once and we can show them again" spirit in Hungary. The rebellion was not entirely in vain. At the moment Hungary is being handled with a gloved hand and thus enjoys privileges that other satellite countries don't — for how long no one can tell.

In Hungary private property still exists. Many small stores have been returned to their owners. Private manufacturers are allowed to operate if they employ only members of their family. Medicine is socialized but there is a free choice of doctors and many physicians have a private practice too. The prices of industrial products are even higher than in Czechoslovakia yet people we talked to seemed to live better.

No one in Budapest whispers or turns around three times before uttering a word. We walked considerably less. Instead we sat in crowded cafés where friends and strangers discussed with us the pros and cons of the regime at the top of their voice. In one of these crowded cafés a girl overheard our mentioning Toronto.

"You are from Toronto?" she yelled over the heads of half a dozen strangers. My husband escaped to Toronto too. How long are you staying?"

"We're leaving tomorrow," I said.

"That's too bad," she shouted. "I would have sent him something a little gold perhaps. You know, I am putting all my money into gold now. I hope to escape too."

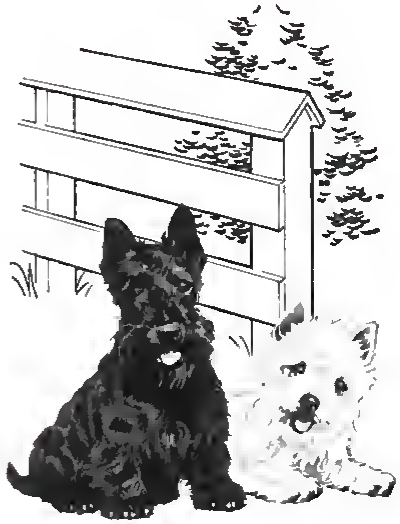
None of the coffee-drinkers who heard her paid any attention.

Yet not many of the people we met expressed a desire to go to North America. They knew that people there were making

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more money and had better kitchens than she. "But we have socialized medicine. They said "and no unemployment." Some of them did complain that they missed the spirit of competition and free enterprise, although however thought that capitalism was horrible.

Why would you say it's so horrible?" I asked a former schoolmate.

Oh you know," she said "Jungle law. The survival of the fittest. Who wants that? Don't you know that that's what you have and you will never have more. You don't have to drive yourself."

We found that most of our friends both in Czechoslovakia and Hungary were active party members. This is a special privilege but not one that means better salaries or faster advancement. It is good but the kudos. Yet it is not good enough to balance out the handicap of their bourgeois birth. For a classless society the Communist is more class conscious than any other. There are four classes—children of workers, of peasants (not nearly so good), of intellectuals and of others. Those who belong to the two latter groups have to be punished for choosing the wrong parents. There are different ways of doing this, the most common is education.

Tuition is free and everyone has the right to higher education as long as his marks are good enough and as long as he doesn't belong to the two latter groups.

Those are ways to circumvent this law. If someone is willing to show his good will and do manual work for a few years he may eventually be allowed to study. This job however has to be well chosen. After working for two years in a morgue a prospective medical student was told that washing bodies wasn't enough penitence. He had to put in two more years in an iron plant before he was allowed to enroll for medicine.

The same discrimination is supposed to be used on good jobs too but it doesn't always work that way. A friend of my husband's explained the situation with a joke. Question: If the son of a chimney sweep and the son of a lawyer apply for the same position who will get it? Answer: the party secretary's brother-in-law. Good connections are worth even more than good parentage.

But don't you mind it that people are judged by everything else but their talents?" I asked a handsome blond Communist on whom I used to have a crush at a time when he wasn't yet a Communist.

"Most of them don't really care what they are doing," he said. "This is a wonderful regime for lazy people. Father Stalin takes care that no one should starve and everyone should have a job. As for efficiency, it doesn't pay. Opportunists are hated and ambition is frowned upon. No one within responsible job for responsibility means a chance to make mistakes and the mistakes are noticed forever on the leader sheet. Besides people in responsible positions are being watched and they are more likely to have enemies. It isn't advisable to have enemies in our society."

Certainly if anyone resents the regime it is the youth—or some of the youth at least. I talked to a twenty-year-old boy from a poor home who has a relatively wonderful job now and he said that he and his pals hate all of it. They wear "locked in a cage and covered up with a dark blanket. They would give their right arm to get out of it, he said. But the spirit of the older ones seems to have been broken.

To Hungarians, 1956 was a victory

We kept bumping into friends and acquaintances all the time.

"You're living in Canada now?" they asked without a trace of envy. "It is very cold there."

Some felt sorry for us for being exiled to such in my faraway land and suggested that we move back to Hungary. I was even invited to put my talents into the service of the Hungarian People's Republic.

You could publish books if you wanted," I was promised. "They let you travel within the bloc perhaps. Only too Western have a good life here."

Actually no one I met had a particularly bad life. It used to be much worse before the revolution," they said. We in the West tend to think about the Hungarian uprising as a heroic attempt that failed, but in the eyes of the Hungarians it is the great turning point and even though they were defeated they consider it a victory. Even the Communists are proud of it.

We didn't want to overthrow the regime," said one. "But we had to clean it of some of its mistakes. There was no democracy in the party, we did what Moscow ordered."

It's hard to imagine that it would be any different now but since the uprising the Hungarians have become more confident and some of them seem to believe that they hold their fate in their own hands. Janos Kadar's government is although it is seldom hailed, and I genuinely hailed. Many are willing to credit him for the new chunks of freedom.

"He's better than his predecessors," said one bourgeois friends. "And we shall see."

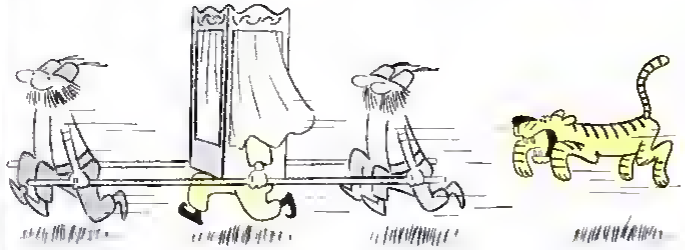
When the Hungarians expect to see and what they would do if they didn't see it I don't really know but they all sound as if someone had given them a promissory note of whose value they are somewhat skeptical. During the revolt the Communist party was dissolved. I talked to a few former members who had failed to take out new membership cards. They claimed to be as Red as ever but before joining the party again they had to see.

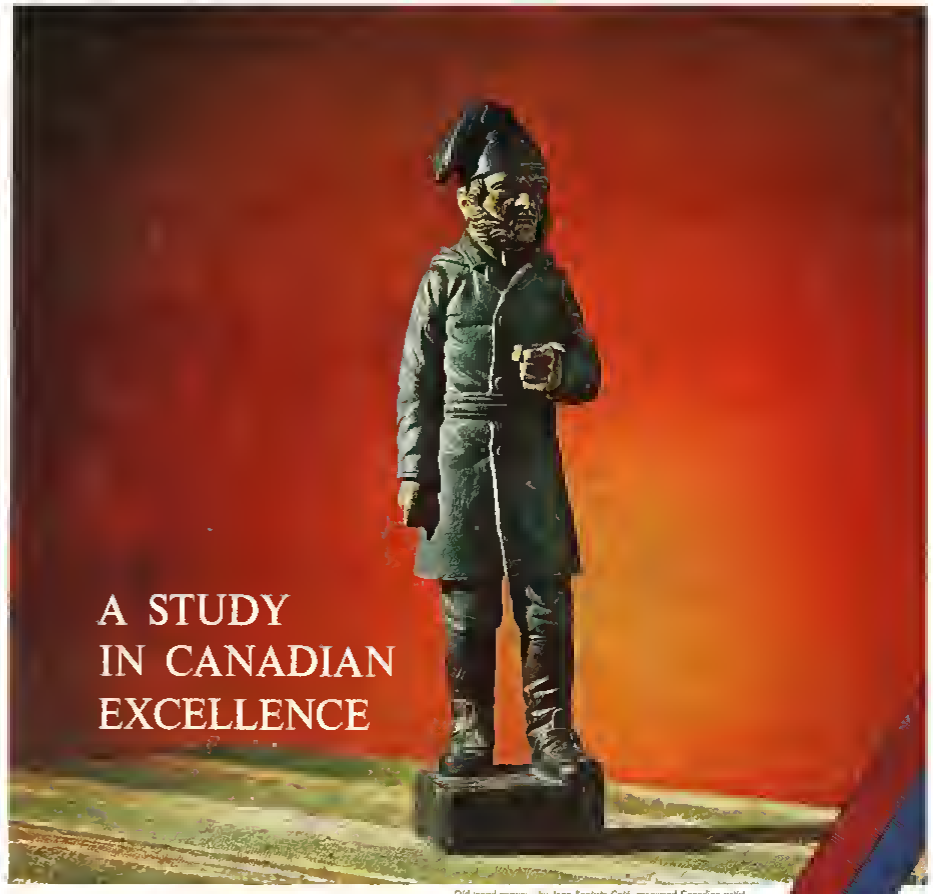
Even though no one seemed to envy me for being a Canadian tourist I myself thought it a very enviable position to be in. For two dollars a day per person (payable in advance in Canada) we had a most luxurious room overlooking the Danube in the newly restored Hotel Gellért. In addition we got an abundance of meal tickets valid in all good restaurants in town. For seven days we wallowed in superbly prepared delicacies and wonderful wines. We invited one or two couples for every meal and even so it was hard to use up all the tickets. The attitude of hotel porters, waiters even customs clerks made us think that our personal comfort was the only aim of their life.

On room number nine" they begged us in the hotel where we checked out and I would gladly have promised it. I'd go back to Budapest any day — as a visitor — as long as I knew that I didn't have to stay for good in one of those tiny apartments with the leaking water taps and the atrocious mattresses, waiting to see.

On the plane to Istanbul I dug up the question again. Was it all better or worse than I had expected?

Twelve years had passed since I left and so there was bound to be some progress. Compared to the things that happened in the West it is a diminutive progress but this is something the inhabitants of the isolated area don't know. They have no freedom. But who in Central Europe remembers freedom? The sun is shining behind the Iron Curtain too. People fall in love, they eat and sleep and bring up their children. It is possible to exist there. For someone who has no ambition and no initiative who likes to have his ideas pin-chewed and his actions prescribed. It might be Heaven. But I wouldn't want to live there again for anything in the world. ★





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The second coming of Morley Callaghan continued from page 19

"He's chosen to be that cultural freak, a serious author . . . writing books about Canadians"

his selection, all he said warily was, What'll it cost me?

All it cost him was enough time out from a New York trip for a couple of radio interviews. But Callaghan's search for the hidden nainh in any inin of lor

Inne n by now chosen. I have lived a life of humiliation" he explains blandly.

At fifty-seven Callagh in is a lonely stubborn, outspoken cranky charming, wistful pot bellied boyo. He is some of these things by nature, for he is second

generation Irish and some by nircum stance for he hat chosen to be that cultural freak a serious, practicing, Cana dinn author trying to make a living in Toronto, where he was born by writing books and stories about Canadians

It has, he insists, rarely been a pre carious life. Callaghan claims he has done "better than anyone suspects from his writing. There was, indeed, one period of three years at the beginning of World War II when he wrote noth ag at all and had to borrow on his insurance

Many Callaghan admirers consider though that an even more melancholy stretch came later in the Forties when he turned out sports pieces for New World a short lived Canadian imitation of Life. Characteristically Callaghan doesn't agree. At least I was allowed to write what I wanted without interference" he says. At about this time too the CBC began hiring him regularly as a panel chairman panelist and commentator on such shows as Citizens Forum Fighting Words and Audio. (The suggestion that Canadians know him best as a TV per sonality infuriates him. It would be a sad reflection on the intelligence of this country if those stories of mine were allowed to fade away and be lost in a hulu yanking from a TV screen," he says.)

On the other hand he has fanatically refused any offers of jobs that he con sidered corrupting. When Going My Way — a lovable film about a lovable Irish priest, played by Bing Crosby — was about to be released someone in Holly wood was inspired to suggest that a matching novel would be good promo tion. Since Callaghan was Irish and a Roman Catholic he was obviously it was decided the man for the job. He fatghed savagely n their faces

He's spurned jobs and honors

Indeed Callaghan has always fought any commitment that might corrupt his talent or his viewpoint. In The Varsity Story, a nostalgic fictional appreciation of the University of Toronto published in 1948 Callaghan wrote of an undergradu ate Tom Lane who wanted to be a writer. One of his mentors proposed that he try for a Rhodes Scholarship but Lane refused saying, All a writer has if he is any good is his own eyes and his own ears. Maybe I'm afraid of being seduced by the grandeurs and beauties of Oxford.

I see things the way I do because I grew up around here. If I keep it I'll at least be trying to look at the world in my own way."

Callaghan himself as an undergradu ate vetoed a similar proposal that he try for a Rhodes Scholarship. He has since turned down the offer of a staff job with The New Yorker, the fellowship of Satur day Night, and an honorary LL.D. He be longs to no clubs and espouses no politi cal party. He claims to be an unortho dox Roman Catholic. "I non nonan dozens of saints I could dislike."

In fact he is so determined to be an influenced that when he moderated a radio discussion about Canadian writing, a couple of years ago and the panelists insisted on planning the discussion ahead of time Callaghan waited till they were on the air and then deliberately tore up their outline.

He is therefore amusingly dismissive of the suggestion that his work is reminiscent of Hemingway's. Early in his career his publishers — at that time Scribner's — described him in their promotion as a second Ernest Hemingway. Critics can't seem to stop making the comparison and he bitterly resents the label. Anybody ought to see that my view of life is not Hemingway's view of life." Though both writers pioneered a version of a stripped laconic style Callaghan's subjects are metaphysical while Hemingway has sim ply written all his life about bloodshed and courage.

Living in Canada has undoubtedly made it easier for Callaghan to remain an original to keep seeing life in his own way. But the penalty has been isolation.

"The artist in Canada is kind of a pathetic figure. Callaghan said not long ago, pulling earnestly on his pipe. I have very few writer friends. And everybody else works." Callaghan and his wife Loretto live in the Rosedale district of Toronto in an old twelve-roomed house that used to be a boarding house. Their elder son Michael a newspaperman has his own apartment in the city though Callaghan says he seems to spend half his time at home. Their younger son Barry a postgraduate student at the Uni versity of Toronto still lives with his parents. Callaghan's work is often done late at night on an old portable at a narrow desk in his study. In the day time he walks a lot, lunging the dawn town streets by himself with his head down and his hands clasped behind him. "You can never go out of an afternoon in Toronto and sit anywhere" he says. Everyone's busy."

Tintin used to be planes to sit in Paris, where he spent a short fine season in the Twenties drinking and debating in Left Bank cafes with his friends and equals, men like Hemingway and Fitzgerald. Then with the 1929 crash everybody went home. "You'd see people moving off and you'd still be sitting there." Callaghan recalls. It was time to go home. For a while more recently there were places to sit in Montreal and Callaghan would go down and drink with the newspapermen and calm in the pretty girls and see hockey games. "Then he says sorrowfully peo ple sort of wanna know there any more. It's like an oddly of wind in the streets, wanting people together for a while and then blowing them somewhere else."

It's a terrible thing to be isolated" he adds.

And for all his gruff, the Canadian public has administered a notable series of snubs.

His first short story, A Girl with Am bition was published while he was still an undergraduate at St. Michael's College in Toronto. A Toronto critic said, It has no plot. It has no climax. It's no good."

His first novel Strange Fugitive, written while he was still studying law at Osgoode Hall was a flop in Canada. He had used the chronicle of a Toronto bootlegger to examine the itch to be a nonconformist. he was promptly accused of libeling a whole city. One dealer simply returned his quota to the publishers saying the style was not for him.

His fourth novel, Such Is My Beloved considered the consequences, in a mun dane, Toronto parish of clinging to the principle of Christian love. His hero was a priest who tried to redeem two prosti tutes, so the book was nailed, often even to Roman Catholics. Callaghan had ac tually hammered out the theme in discus sions with Jacques Maritain, the leading lay theologian of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact he dedicated the book.

To these times with Mr. in the winter of 1939." The Montreal Star's critic Samuel Morgan Powell, therefore, devoted part of his review to suggesting that Mr.'s identity was obvious since one of the prostitutes was named Midge.

Callaghan's fifth novel, They Shall In herit the Earth was banned by the To ronto Public Libraries. When The Loved and the Lost was published the Ottawa Citizen said, "the mountain has brought forth a mouse." To fill out the record the Montreal Gazette has decided that The Many Colored Coat "should never have been written."

In defense, Callaghan has become his own propagandist. His apt to say his first published work was a very fine story. He has written two plays that he describes as brilliant." He remarks in my candid opinion I was the best writer in America in the Thirties."

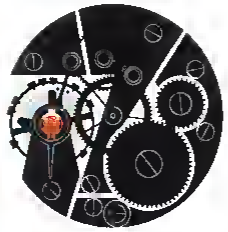
Callaghan also defends himself by scorning Canadian critics. What critics?" Toronto [bourgeois] Canadian culture ("What culture?") and Canadian provincialism ("All our opinions have to be imported from outside").

Actually Canada never really imported the outside opinions of Callaghan. At home he was never so unswervingly ad mired as he was in international literary circles, in the beginning, not was he later so thoroughly forgotten.

For during a long fine season Cal laghan was bracketed with writers like Hemingway and Fitzgerald as the com ing man in serious fiction. At twenty-six he was selling short stories to the esoteric little magazines published by expatriate Americans in Europe. When he was twenty five Scribner's called him "the new fiction star" and published Strange Fugi tive which made him $10 000 though it flopped in Canada. As a mustachioed bi degroom of twenty-six he had mar ried a petite smooth browed girl student from Toronto) he was in Paris and hear ing himself described as the fashionable hardboiled novelist of 1929. When he and a promising young U.S. writer Robert McAlmon crowded into an an cient *pension* till with James Joyce Joyce

How to Select a Watch

An Easy Way To Recognize A Quality Watch Without Being A Watchmaker

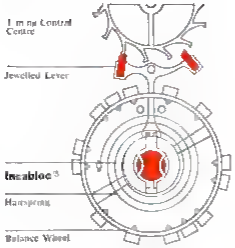


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said "Think of it. If the three of us should fall and be killed what a loss to English literature."

In the early Thirties he commuted between Toronto and Greenwich Village where he drank with Thomas Wolfe and sold short stories to every high class magazine in the U.S. When he brought out his second collection of short stories (and eighth book) in 1936 the New York Times said "If there's a better short-story writer in the world we don't know where he is."

Then from 1937 to 1960 the world outside Canada virtually forgot him.

A Broadway producer considering a Callaghan play said "But you're an unknown writer."

William Saroyan encountering a Canadian war correspondent in wartime London asked "What ever became of Morley Callaghan?"

Callaghan's agent Don Congdon trying to find a publisher for The Loved and the Lost in 1951 was turned down by eight houses. "The younger editors had never heard of Callaghan" he recalled recently.

The period of obscurity began with Callaghan's flirtation with the theatre. A New York producer had suggested he convert one of his novels into a play. He got enthusiastic and wrote two more plays. Two of the three actually came very close to Broadway production before collapsing under casting and financial difficulties. Both were later produced in Toronto by the New Play Society.

In the meantime Callaghan had written eight stories in a row that didn't sell. Then he stopped writing completely for three years. Beyond commenting that he was depressed by the war he talks very little of this period. During it he made his debut on CBC radio, traveling across Canada as chairman of the program later known as Citizens' Forum. He also went to sea in an RCN corvette on assignment for the National Film Board and when he began writing again his first book was one with a naval background. His agent couldn't interest a publisher, however, and Callaghan recalled it for more work. It is still not completed.

Aside from The Varsity Story, and a boys' book both published in 1948, Callaghan produced no major work from 1937 till 1951, when The Loved and the Lost was published. "It was a great book," he says firmly. He was genuinely bewildered when it sold a scant 1,650 copies in the U.S. After a year his New York publishers got their money out by unloading the book to Signet, a paperback series.

But an astonishing thing has happened in the eight years since then. In a 35 cent edition the book has quietly sold half a million copies. Others besides critic Edmund Wilson have belatedly discovered it. Recently a young New York intellectual picked up a second-hand copy in Greenwich Village and was so enchanted that though he'd never heard of the author before, he tracked Callaghan down during a New York visit to get the book autographed. Another New Yorker, an advertising-agency employee at Young & Rubicam, fell in love with it and turned it into a musical though he hasn't as yet found a producer. It is this quiet kindling of awareness that has undoubtedly prepared the way for the new excitement about The Many Colored Coat — and Callaghan.

It is interesting to speculate about the effect of a best-seller on Callaghan, if it should come to pass after the years of bewilderment and isolation.

In the meantime he says wistfully that he would like to go to Rome for a while. He already has a following there: at least one of his books, in translation, has sold 45,000 copies in Italy and there have been fine critical tributes in the press. Furthermore his next novel, which is almost completed, is to be called A Passion in Rome.

Callaghan went to Rome on a journalistic assignment two years ago, at the time of Pope Pius XII's death. He was supposed to stay four days but he stayed three weeks and got enthusiastic about the decorative Roman women and the intellectual ferment in the cafés along the Via Veneto. "It's like the Montparnasse of the Twenties," he told a friend recently, "when he got home.

But his life as a writer in Canada has apparently left some bruises. "I can't afford Rome" he added sadly. "If I went I'd have to live in back alleys. And if you go to live in Rome you should be able to live in a palazzo." ★



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The nuclear dilemma of the Western peoples continued from page 16

NATO's 468 million people field 21 divisions; Russia fields 175

never be used." These Europeans who support adoption of the warheads by their countries fall back on NATO's declared need of the weapons to justify their stand.

Despite NATO's many faults, most of the Europeans I interviewed stressed that NATO — created just after a series of conquests within a war by the Communists had culminated in the coup d'état in Prague in 1948 — has effectively halted territorial gains by the Communists in Europe.

I commit myself to the argument that if NATO is ended, Europeans are not sure that NATO has to face the Russians with a conventional army. It may only do so with at least a fivefold increase in its ground forces. A minimum of a hundred divisions—instead of the current twenty-one — would have to be maintained in fighting readiness plus another hundred divisions in reserve, to reach the battlefield within a month of the outbreak of non-nuclear war. The manpower for such an army exists. Russia maintains her standing army of 175 divisions (about 115 of them face the NATO forces in Europe) out of a population of 210 million. the European satellites with a total population of 97 million, maintain about 60 divisions. The NATO countries have a population of 278 million in Europe and 468 million in total. We could support an even greater army than the Kremlin if we were willing to take a substantial cut in the standard of living. At a NATO meeting in 1957 the allies decided in substitute tactical nuclear weapons for such a drastic step.

Finally, an American threat also figures in Europe's nuclear rearming. The Americans have declared they'll withdraw their five divisions from NATO if they can't station their nuclear arms in Europe. All the military experts I interviewed agree that this would encourage the Kremlin to gamble that a piecemeal invasion of Europe would not set off the American strategic deterrent.

It is mainly this logic that General Charles de Gaulle has used to justify his independent nuclear policy. He believes that eventually the Americans will pull out of Europe, and that the status quo can be preserved only if the continental (i.e. France.) has its own nuclear capability. "We must have an independent nuclear striking force," he insists in speech after speech. "otherwise we are simply an integrated American satellite."

The creation of that force will cost France $13 billion over the next five years—a tremendous drain on the country's economy. Because the Algerian war absorbs whatever pacifist feelings exist in France, the opposition to the nuclear force is largely on economic grounds. Critics of the plan say such an extravagant manifestation of Gaullist grandeur will take up too many resources that might otherwise go into schools and housing. "West Germany merely by co-operating with NATO will get atomic warheads from the U.S. at no cost. Ironing her economy for even more effective competition against us in the Common Market," I was told by a businessman in Paris.

Scandinavia remains wary

In a Parisian sidewalk cafe I heard the strangest reason of all for a country's need for atomic bombs. "It is absolutely essential for France to have this weapon if we are to maintain our cultural life." a bearded French intellectual explained with great earnestness. "If we don't make the big bomb all our best scientists will leave and scientists are the most essential ingredient of our cultural life."

That's hardly a typical comment, but there is less anti-bomb agitation in France than in any of the other NATO allies. The countries that we on this side of the Atlantic associate with the most vehement opposition to nuclear weapons are Denmark and Norway. Besides France which refuses to accept American warheads until she can build her own, they are the only European nations that have turned down the U.S. weapons.

Like most Canadians who worry about such things, I thought that this Scandinavian refusal was prompted by populist agitation against atomic arms. I was wrong. Certainly a great many Norwegians and Danes do oppose the weapons and in Norway especially, an important left wing socialist group is clamoring for a return to the country's traditional neutralism. But Denmark and Norway have at least two other reasons far more important than the limited public outcry for not allowing U.S. nuclear warheads on their soil in peacetime.

We've been plainly warned. I was told by a senior foreign affairs department official in Copenhagen "that if we allow American atomic weapons from a week later the Russians will set up atomic missiles in Finland, a country that Russia can turn into a satellite overnight. We feel very close to the Finnish people and we must do what we can to keep them free."

More subtle reasoning behind the Danish attitude was sketched for me by one of Copenhagen's leading publishers. "We've hinted to the Russian ambassador here that if the country ever brings a lot of pressure against Denmark, we'd probably change our policy and accept the American bomb," he said. "That gives us a far stronger bargaining position than if we had a few nuclear rockets. Of course it's not a case of the Kremlin's being frightened of our little armory but by having nuclear bombs here and in Norway the Americans could completely surround Russia with nuclear storage depots."

What the publisher didn't say, and what no Danish government official wants to discuss is that Denmark and Norway have written a very important escape clause into their anti-nuclear contract. They talk always of not accepting nuclear weapons on their soil in peacetime. The two countries do possess all the atomic warhead carrying weapons of other NATO allies. In fact the first operational anti-aircraft battery established in Europe was the ring of Nike missiles around Copenhagen. Arrangements have been made to fly in American nuclear warheads from Germany the minute war breaks out. Meanwhile Danish and Norwegian troops intensive with convention al warheads on atomic weapon carriers of exactly the same weight as their nuclear counterparts, so that new trajectory calculations would not be necessary in any wartime switchover.

The Danish Nike bases last fall were the target of a small march staged by anti-Bomb demonstrators. Despite some heavy organizational efforts the marchers have so far been able to stage only one other outing on the mainland — to storm American depots near Hamburg.

The situation is very different in England, of course, where the third annual protest march to the nuclear weapons research centre at Aldermaston last Easter was climaxed by a rally in London's Trafalgar Square that a police inspector described as "certainly bigger than the crowds here for VE Day and even bigger than the coronation crowds." It is difficult to estimate how scientifically these marches reflect British thinking. The public-opinion polls have never shown an anti-Bomb vote of more than thirty-three percent, and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament which co-ordinates the movement has established only five hundred branches throughout England, some numbering less than a dozen members.

The most vivid political expression of anti-Bomb feeling was the vote at last fall's Labor party conference that approved a resolution for the scrapping of British nuclear weapons, the running from the U.K. of American troops and withdrawal by Britain from NATO. The vote was based on a narrow margin, variously a complicated and somewhat artificial block-voting system that favors the big unions. It did not speak for the twelve million Britons who voted Labor in last year's elections. Three quarters of the constituency delegates voted against the resolution and in an eve-of-conference poll taken by one British newspaper it was supported by less than a fifth of Labor voters.

Despite the doubtful validity of the Labor resolution there is a great deal more anti-Bomb agitation in Britain than anywhere on the continent. The British are held up with spending twice as much of their budget on defense as the other NATO allies in Europe for no extra protection. England is the only country in the world that has already been subjected to missile bombardment. Hitler's V-2 rockets killed almost three thousand men, women and children. Premier Khrushchev's warnings that the unstoppable inter-all carrier of Britain would cease to exist the first day of an atomic war are taken very seriously.

Harold Macmillan's Tories have been answering the disarmament advocates by stressing unity summarily rather than a change in defense policy. But there is mounting pressure inside Conservative ranks for Britain to give up its independent atomic force. Party lines are becoming increasingly mixed in their ancient polemics. This prompted Michael Finlay, a Canadian columnist to confess recently: "The only party I could vote for now would be a Don't Know party committed to a policy of firm vacillation and resolute shilly-shallying between the top jaw of an intolerable and impossible choice, only the ruthlessly malleable will survive."

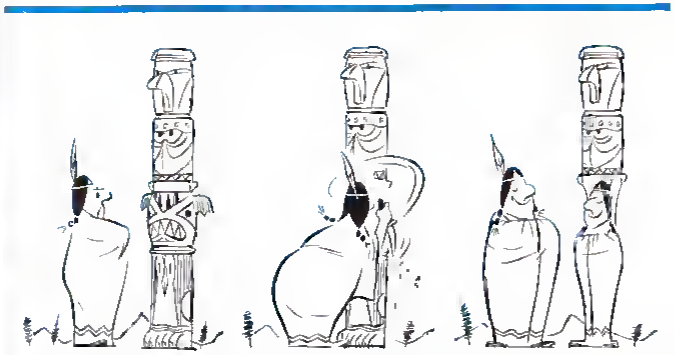
The next European country where nuclear weapons will become a major political controversy is Germany. The main issue of the 1961 election campaign will probably be opposition by the Social Democrats to Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's policy of giving the new German army wartime access to American nuclear warheads. The socialists already are organizing demonstrations against atomic death."

On my last day in Berlin I walked along the boundary that slices the city of three and a half million into two worlds. I passed the spectacular skeleton of the Reichstag—the German parliament of the pre-Hitler period whose gutted dome rises out like a huge empty birdcage—and came to the Brandenburg Gate, the world's best-known East-West border point. From here to the Sea of Japan broken by no natural or ideological iron bars stretches the new Communist empire.

I watched as agents of the West Berlin police shocked for victims of Communist kidnapping teams in the cars driving to the Soviet sector. High up on the quadriga that decorates the top of the Brandenburg Gate, a squatting East Berlin policeman was examining nervously who approaching. the sun's rays flashed briefly off his binoculars. I could feel him watching me. Here I sensed was the final illustration of the human bedevilment I had been exploring during my journey. That stranger, sometimes and many bare thrown years to explodes a million miles away, but no one has yet devised a way of roaming curing across the invisible inhumanity curtain that separates West from East.

So many men and women in so many tongues had told me their hopes of how history's most fearful weapon might somehow be manipulated into becoming the agent that prevents war. The generals and politicians who are linked with making the sombre decisions of this nuclear age, cannot ignore these pleas much longer. ★

In Part II of this report in the next issue of Maclean's Prime Minister Diefenbaker examines Canada's stake in the controversy over NATO's nuclear strategy.



He bent Jobs Diamond I

MACLEAN'S

WITH MEN WHO CAN'T BE VAGUE



Successful men, in sport, in business and in industry have that uncommon touch that achieves for them their objectives. Here, in the holiday season, are four men who have gathered to celebrate the winning of a trophy. They know they triumphed because each played his part skilfully and their ship made decisions correctly and with foresight.

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We'd pass on the sermon to them, making quick decisions on what was important and what wasn't

and if communicated in some way by smiles or signs or written notes. Most deaf signs are fairly easy to understand. Mother could say "Whew. Isn't this a scorcher of a day!" by wiping imaginary perspiration from her brow while blowing through pursed lips and screwing her face into a suitably pained expression. If she wanted precise information she'd use a pencil and paper or call in one of us to interpret.

We helped with shopping sometimes softening Mother's remarks about the shoddiness of materials she was shown and with selling the firewood and potatoes that were the farm's chief crops. Perhaps we had more responsibility at an earlier age than most children — certainly Dad relied on Herb in his business dealings with hearing people when Herb was still a boy, and Laura recalls her uneasiness when helping him sell wood for fear she'd make a mistake in interpretation and prejudice a sale. She knew was important to the small church that overlooked our farm from a nearby hilltop where they never missed a service if they could help it. We told our parents what the Bible passage was and what hymns were being sung, and passed on the minister's sermon cutting out all unnecessary rhetoric and making split second decisions on what was important and what was not. At the end of a half hour of words flowing directly from ear to finger I felt as drained as a garden hose after an evening's sprinkling with little or no residue of the message left in my mind.

But the hardest job of interpreting I ever had wasn't for my parents at all. I was asked to interpret for a deaf couple accused of breaking into summer cottages and stealing food, dishes, blankets and (pathetically I thought) a gramophone and records. The hearing was in a schoolhouse about thirty miles from home. I was fourteen at the time and fortunately Mother went with me as I found I needed her to interpret for me.

The accused couple's neighbors left their haying in the field to crowd avidly into their children's seats as though they were in box of theatre arranged for their benefit. The deaf couple seated on the platform at the front of the classroom peered dazedly about them awaiting interrogation by the crown attorney through my fingers. They were friends of my parents and I felt like Judas confronting the grey bearded man in the shabby grey cardigan and his pallid wife whose flesh drooped loosely from flaccid muscles. Their children with whom I'd occasionally played watched from the front seats, thin and pale and cold-looking, in spite of the bright sunlight outside and this shook my composure even more. And then I discovered I couldn't think the woman understood my questions. As mentioned earlier there are two ways of talking on the hands: finger spelling — spelling out each word by making the individual letters of the alphabet with the fingers — and the larger signs that are less accurate but quicker. Most deaf people use a combination of both. Mother wanted us to learn to spell properly and so encouraged us to spell more than to sign. So I spelled out the crown attorney's questions. But although the man apparently understood me his wife, who was nearly blind as well as deaf, obviously did not and I was horrified to find I couldn't understand her replies either. The crown attorney, a small wasp-ish man with a shock of white hair, snapped at me. "Come on, come on, don't carry on a long conversation with her. All we want is her answer." But I couldn't get an answer that I understood.

Finally in desperation I appealed to Mother and she joined me on the platform. From then on I spelled the questions to her and she translated them into the larger signs the poor woman could see and understand and explained her answers to me. The only bright spot in the day's work for me was that the couple was let off with a warning.

Neither Mother nor Dad wasted any time feeling sorry for themselves because they were deaf although they admitted it grieved them not to be able to hear their children's voices. Next to that music, especially band music was what they would have most liked to hear. They delighted in parades, with their color and the strong vibrations of drums and brass instruments which they could feel. But sound remained a mystery to them. Mother was a wonderful cook and had to hide her baking from us if she wanted it to last. As we ferreted out each hiding place her ingenuity was taxed to find new ones. She thought she had the ideal solution when she had the doughnuts in the barrel churn and could never understand why the sound of the heavy lid being clamped into place was so distinctive that we knew exactly where to look.

Dad as a young man moved by the exuberance of an early June morning on the farm once asked his brother what spring sounded like. Unable to explain in words his brother took him to the swamp where they caught a frog and Dad putting his finger on its throat as it croaked felt at least some of the spring music that filled the air.

We children preferred our parents as they were and would have been alarmed if they had suddenly regained their hearing. Amy remembers vividly a visit two faith healers made to our home. They stood with hands over Mother's and Dad's ears, while one of them prayed aloud for them hearing to be restored. Amy in the doorway prayed even more fervently silently for things to remain as they were. She caught an expression of complete skepticism on Mother's face and it may have been this instead of Amy's prayer that was responsible for the faith healers' failure.

Another time a young friend who had read an account of sudden shock curing deafness was eager to try her luck with Mother. Unfortunately for the scientific value of the experiment she told Amy of her plans first and Amy immediately told Mother. When Milly leaped at Mother from behind a door (wielding a butcher knife I believe to add to the shock) Mother's reaction was violent enough to suit any director of old-time melodrama. She fell back, clutching her chest, her eyes bugging and her mouth dropping open. Milly's voice trembled.

"Can you hear me?" she asked.

Mother nodded, keeping the same stupefied look on her face.

"Tell me what I say," Milly told her trying her out on a few words.

Luckily she didn't expect Mother to be able to talk as well as hear and was thrilled to have her spell back the words on her hands. I was standing by just as excited as Milly about the cure. I should have known Mother better. When I discovered Amy standing safely behind Milly spelling the words to Mother I blurted out disgustedly:

"Oh, you're telling her!"

Instead of being embarrassed at being found out in her duplicity Mother scolded me for spoiling the fun.

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the myth that our home was chuter than our neighbors homes We had no telephone or radio and only hardly an old Victrola with a stock of records But to counteract that we also had no one to lord us down when we chortled This we brought home to me when a young woman with whom we used to play as children said "I always loved playing at your place We could make all the noise we wanted and no one ever told us to be quiet" Mother far from limiting the noisy games of hide-and-seek that we played all through the house used to help us think up tricky hiding places

Her relationship with her children was a combination of affectionate camaraderie and fairly strict discipline We all recall fishing expeditions with her Sometimes early in the morning before we went to school) baseball games the many times she was a welcome addition to the young people s summer evening games of Home Sheep Home but we also remember that she wasn t afraid to use Dad s razor strap if she felt we needed it Dad left most of the discipline to Mother although when his patience was tried too far his voice would boom out in a series of explosive "Bs —a sort of "b b b b" that kept us in no doubt of his feelings He used variations of this sound in grunting his horses and they always understood him too I found, he could establish an understanding even with strange horses very quickly Although she couldn t hear him Dad sometimes boomed at Mother too during their rare arguments We would drift from the next room when a quarrel was in progress although we couldn t tell what I was about Dad could sound and look insane then Mother—his own girl red head seemed to swell in fierce automatic size when he was angry—but Mother usually won the arguments They often ended with Dad half laughing but still exasperated telling her she was a fox He made this sign by flicking the end of his nose with two fingers and screwing his face into a sly fox like expression He said she always got him off the main argument by leading him down a side path and pondering on how theirs about seventh or he hadn t been fighting about it in the first place Mother didn t mind being called a fox She took it as a tribute to her skill

Another of Dad s signs with which we all became painfully familiar was made by putting the right hand to the right temple palm forward and bending it forward and back as a mule might move its ears This sign meant stubborn Mother sometimes intruded Dad in the course of an argument when his children got their stubbornness

Mother s unselfishness dated almost from the day she was born on a farm near Fenelon Falls, Ontario She remembered that her mother was impatient of her pranks but Grandpa Elliott indulged his small deaf daughter and she in return loved him very much At the residential School for the Deaf at Belleville where she went when she was seven she skated and climbed trees and incidentally learned her school lessons and the dressmaking she disliked but learned useful later in clothing her family She was proud that when she returned home she was able to teach her father to write and she treasured a letter he wrote laboriously after her marriage

Dad was ten years older than Mother Born in 1871 he was nine years old when his parents emigrated to Cannon from Ireland homesteading at Purbrook a few miles down the river from Fraserburg where Dad later bought his farm Although Dad always described the journey across the ocean so vividly that we were almost seasick watching him he remembered little of Ireland but that it was green He had no schooling until when he was twelve a neighbor nagged his father in give the stirred red haired lad a chance by sending him to the government supported School for the Deaf at Belleville Whenever Dad talked of the his face glowed with the memory of his great being able to go to school He d make signs to indicate how his eyes were opened and his mind gem awakened when he learned to read He never lost his pleasure in reading his favorite book was Robinson Crusoe Perhaps he felt a fellow feeling for Crusoe because of the hardships and loneliness they both suffered

He was still in school at 18 when word that his father was seriously ill brought him home to help support his mother and the six younger children He worked mainly in bush camps where his strength was an asset and deafness no drawback to doing a good day s work Working with other men felling trees when you were unable to hear their warning shouts could be dangerous but Dad was very alert Although he had minor accidents in the bush and one serious one when he slashed his leg with an axe his own had an accident that was caused by his deafness Years later during the Depression when he was over 60 he worked again in a bush camp not far from home He was a proud man determined to ask no favors because of age or deafness but he confessed later to Herb that he was often afraid that would He was teamed to work with a thoughtless young man twenty less than his own age and with no inkling of what it was like to be deaf They worked long hours and at quitting time it was already dark in the bush The minute the young man heard the other workers shout that it was time to catch a ride back to camp with the sleigh he d shoulder his axe and dash off Dad with no warning and no sound of voices or harness jingling to guide him with his sense of direction (never very good) found himself enclosed by darkness and the days constant moving from place to tree spelt apprehension panics mingled night searching for the sleigh track that would lead him safely back to camp

He was 35 when he married He based Mother by saying he d gone to Fenelon Falls from Bracebridge to buy a horse but when told about the young girl whom no who lived near by he d gone courting her instead He always chuckled about his doctor s scolding him that he had to carry a fortune when he took a girl and his answer that that way at least he could see what he was getting

They never lost their curiosity

He chose well Their marriage lasted more than 45 years and was a happy one They shared much hard work and many hard times, too but they enjoyed the same things fishing, long walks in the bush motor trips to visit other deaf friends, and a keen curiosity in anything new that came their way They never lost this curiosity so that when Dad was dying from bronchial pneumonia at 80 he watched with curiosity rather than fear as the doctor prepared the oxygen tank to help him Mother at 76 flew for the first time from Toronto to Edmonton On the return journey supposedly a non-stop flight the stewardess handed her a note "We have engine trouble and will be putting down at Winnipeg There is no cause for alarm" So far from being alarmed Mother was pleased to have even this brief glimpse of Winnipeg a new city to her

After their marriage they lived for a few years in Bracebridge where Dad worked in a tannery The two oldest children were born there Although there was no reason why he should be deaf Mother and Dad watched anxiously for some sign that Herb the firstborn could hear Mother told us proudly of her joy when a neighbor seized him by the shoulders and turned her around to show her how the baby turned his head when she spoke to him

When her babies were small Mother kept them with her in the double bed at night so that she could feel them squirming if they woke In the daytime she d have to make many trips to the crib to make sure they were dry and comfortable As we grew older both parents worried for fear we d get lost in the bush If at came, within a few hundred rods of the house Daisy was lost in this bush for several hours and in the dark and although the ghosts didn t worry Dad frightened Dad was nearly frantic until she was found We learned at an early age to come immediately when called since we wouldn t call back and reassure our parents Mother by much practice learned to pronounce our names so that we knew which of us she was calling

Although far from angelic we were reasonably obedient We felt it would be unfair to take advantage of our parents deafness And to tell the truth we couldn t get away with much anyway Mother seemed to have eyes in the back of her head and both parents (again from hearing) had sharper senses than most people It was practically impossible to come in late at night without waking one of them with the slight jar the door made as it closed Mother could smell potatoes boiling dry long before anyone else could and Dad with one finger on the fender of his Model T knew, by an instant of the motor wasn t running smoothly He may have seen more out of the corner of his eye than other children too he was never tripped by a half-nap

Mother in particular was intensely interested in all community happenings When we returned from an evening outing, she d sit up in bed and ask "What did you talk about?" We were expected to tell her all the news When I was younger I tried to protect her innocence by censoring the gossip but this was useless as she always learned the full story from one of the neighbors and was annoyed at my poor reporting

I think Dad more than Mother felt isolated on the farm and missed the busy companionship of other deaf people Among them he was rated as a great trapper He became famous in all community happenings When we returned from an evening outing, she d sit up in bed and ask "What





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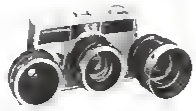
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the giant pines that covered northern Ontario and drive them down the rivers to the lumber mills. He had a marvelous gift for pantomime so that when he described the dynamiting of a log jam or the time he and another brawny young giant guarded a dam all night so that a rival camp couldn't steal the water they needed to float their logs down the river you felt you were right at the scene. It was only later, when you were trying to put the story into words, that you realized it had all been told in gestures.

Dad and Mother hated to miss any of the prayer meetings of the Ontario dead people. These were social gatherings as well as church services and were a time for catching up on the lives of their dead friends. It was at one of these meetings, when I was looking around trying to decide which of the half dozen conversations would be the most interesting to follow, that Dad turned to me and asked:

"Do you feel sorry for us because we can't hear?"

I hadn't been feeling sorry at the moment but thinking it would be callous to say so I nodded my head.

"Don't be sorry." Dad spelled. "We are happy." Perhaps he couldn't speak for all the dead people there but I'm sure he spoke quite truthfully for himself and Mother. ★

CANADIANECDOTE



William Erwin's one-man election

The most improbable dream a power hungry civic politician ever had came true for one man in North Vancouver in 1896. He nominated himself as the only candidate, set up his own polling booth, lifted himself as scrutineer, cast the only eligible vote, elected himself as both reeve and council and duly swore himself in.

But his seizure of office wasn't motivated by a hunger for power. It was a move to prevent the young District of North Vancouver from losing what little autonomy it had. Over the protests of local residents the provincial government in Victoria had laid down stringent regulations governing the eligibility of voters. New clauses in the Municipal Act set unrealistic standards of property ownership and length of residence. The district had been formed less than five years before and was only sparsely settled, mostly by people with only nominal holdings.

At first it appeared there would be *nobody* on the north shore eligible to vote. The residents knew that if they failed to elect a council the provincial government would take over through a commissioner responsible only to Victoria.

Then as the December election time grew near, some sharp-eyed resident saw that the tax rolls bore the name of one man, William Erwin, who seemed to qualify. He had enough property at Point Atkinson and had lived there long enough to be a voter.

Soon a delegation of taxpayers was pounding on his door and imploring him to become the government of North Vancouver. Erwin accepted the challenge and carefully went through every step necessary to make his election legal.

There is no record of his having taken advantage of his unique power but he remained the district's one-man government until the following June. Then wiser heads in Victoria amended the Municipal Act to allow most property owners to have the vote.

— ELEANOR GODLEY

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With his name engraved on its face, Mr. Lemon Hart's long-case clock first started to tick in the little English seaport of Penzance. Later, Mr. Lemon Hart introduced his famous rum — recognized today as the finest of all imported rums.

Have a GOOD RUM for your money

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ONLY Sunbeam MAKES REAL COFFEE FASTER THAN INSTANT...



...because only the all new

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PERCOLATOR

has new SPEED BREWING process... locks in the flavor for perfect coffee every time

Now, make real coffee faster than instant. New Sunbeam actually makes 8 cups in 5 minutes. And new "speed brewing" improves the downright goodness of real coffee because it wakes up and locks in all the flavor. Completely automatic, too. This new Sunbeam signals when coffee is ready, keeps it at "just right" temperature until served. Lid locks on. Element is water-sealed for easy cleaning. Solid copper, nickel and chrome plated for enduring beauty. 8 and 10 cup sizes. From $37.95 *

Enjoy "Walt Disney Presents" every Sunday evening on CBC-TV *Fair Retail Value



Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Continued from page 13

a larger number of top flight scholars.

The modern version of the Eleven Plus examination dates from 1945 when the Labor government of Clement Attlee implemented the Education Act formulated the previous year by the wartime coalition in the significant mood of the time. The biggest change was to make grammar school education free to all children likely to benefit from it under the U.K. state system. Gratuity spending, only grammar-school pupils sat for the examinations for the General Certificate of Education which at the advanced level (normally taken at eighteen) leads to the universities. So the majority of educators faced the prospect of how and when to divide the huge flock bearing in mind the regrettable but very real social importance of the school tie in British adult life. Grammar schools *do* have ties of varying known. Building on the experience of past years, the government decided that all children would be offered a series of tests in the year following their eleventh birthday. Then marks adjusted for age differentials by a complicated process would determine whether a child would be given one of the comparatively few places available in a grammar school or would be sent on to more practical courses in other secondary schools. The theorists kept the slogan of the Three As before them — Age, Ability, Aptitude — and were simply trying to place children in the type of school that appeared to suit them best, but to few they set the stage for a controversy that probably bites deeper into the British bonin than any other social issue. Even after fifteen years the opponents of the Eleven Plus are still blasting away with both barrels.

A way of life is changing

An unsmiling small town banker-manager met on a train summed up a widespread complaint. He and his father before him and began their education in a good preparatory school (I'll call it St. Botolph's) and had later satisfied the headmaster of the associated St. Botolph's grammar school that they would move on into the upper school. There they had stayed until they achieved the old matriculation standard. This schooling was entirely private in the sense that fees were paid throughout. It was not perhaps the best equipment for a hurly-burly changing world and it did not have the top-drawn appeal of the Cheats-Eton-Oxford tradition but it was sound and socially acceptable in middle-class circles. But things have changed. The banker's son has now finished his years at St. Botolph's prep school which is still a fee-paying institution but its headmaster has already informed the father that the boy hasn't the ghost of a chance of passing the Eleven Plus. Therefore he will not pass on to St. Botolph's grammar school. My acquaintance has the choice of having his son follow the other Eleven Plus failures into what is called a Secondary Modern School (roughly the equivalent of a Canadian vocational school or of later trying to place him in a minor public school). The fees in the latter (around $900 a year) would be a fair average above the family budget. The boy is unhappy because he feels that at eleven he is a fail-



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ure, and although the family are taking the thing casually on the surface he knows that his father is disappointed in him.

To the Canadian mind this whole succession may seem almost unhealthily magnified. The boy obviously isn't the type for a Latin and algebra education; surely he's fortunate that it's not going to be mercilessly pushed into him. But it's not as simple as that over here. Like it or not the grammar school in U. and the Secondary Modern (What if he wants to take up secret of motorcycles or chewing gum?) They'll complain with bitterness the money they spent over six years to keep the boy in the prep school when he could have been attending the state primary school free of charge the whole time.

What exactly is the Eleven Plus? Is it so tough? How would the average Canadian Grade Six child fare?

It begins in November with a general intelligence test pulled officially a verbal reasoning test. The entrant has 45 minutes to answer about 18 questions many of them in several parts. Typical teasers.

Suppose the word intelligence were written backward, what would then be its eleventh letter?

How many letters in the word imaginal come in the alphabet between E and M?

The burden of a number is twice the number plus three added to it. The burden of a certain number is 25. What is that certain number?

Code questions are apparently popular like the following. A stands for 3, B for 5, C for 2, D for 4. Multiply C by itself and write the letter that represents the answer.

The child's score in such tests generally decides whether he should be entered for the second part of the examination in the following March. Those surviving the first round tackle papers in English and arithmetic and write an essay. It's usually late in May before they know their fate.

Originally it was intended that the Eleven Plus would divide each year's crop of children into three streams — fifteen percent to the grammar schools, ten percent to technical schools and the remaining seventy-five percent to the Secondary Moderns. The technical schools, intended as hothouses for future engineers, chemists and atomic scientists, have been slow to materialize, mostly because of their high capital cost for laboratories and mechanical equipment.

In the U.K. as a whole about twenty percent of all entrants pass the Eleven Plus. The regional results vary widely. In Birmingham one child in three passed last year's exam; in Coventry one in four; in Stockport one in ten.

All is not necessarily joy at home when a child does pass. In Birmingham, for instance, twenty successful children were

GRAND ILLUSION!

I am happy, sighing myself
to thin behavior
To distrust that I am
deficient in talents
I am in for a jolt
when my mood is so mellow,
I consider myself
a remarkable fellow

THOMAS USK

Since homework interferes with TV, some parents oppose higher schooling

not allowed to take the grammar places they had won. Members of the local education committee tried to find out why and were told among other things that having a kid swotting every night in the living room would spoil the family's television enjoyment. Also several families were intent on having their sons go to work at 15, the earliest a child can leave school here, and weren't prepared to support him for even the extra year that would give him a chance at his General Education Certificate. Another problem that bedevils the authorities is the astonishing, and often bitter, struggle that takes place among parents of successful children for the limited number of places in certain "unique" grammar schools, sometimes for entirely social reasons.

The most telling blows struck at the Eleven Plus are those based on follow-up studies both of children who pass and children who fail. In Yorkshire the West Riding education committee states that subsequent results indicate about a third of grammar-school entrants are misplaced. Professor F. F. Vernon of the University of London's Institute of Education confirms this. Dr. W. D. Wall of the National Foundation for Educational Research says that a child's ability to pass the General Certificate of Education examination at sixteen depends on factors impossible to measure or predict at eleven. In the Norwich region eighty-two high Secondary Modern pupils were given a special course, and then took the GCE examination set by the grammar schools. Only thirteen failed. Arthur Smith, chairman of the Norwich education committee, commented: "This shows how wrong the Eleven Plus is. The Eleven Plus is dead, and we are just waiting to bury the corpse decently."

But in Manchester a conference of a national association of headmasters explored any moves to abolish the Eleven Plus. At Lowestoft environment and personal qualities are being weighed along with Eleven Plus results. Fighting off criticism that snobbery was entering the picture, the Lowestoft committee argues that home influences were vitally important factors in considering a child's future education. If, for instance, parents aren't prepared to keep a boy at grammar school until he is eighteen, what is the purpose of pointing him toward a college degree? Leicestershire is currently phasing all children in high school at eleven and offering a grammar place at fourteen to all children whose parents will keep them at school until sixteen.

Not one of the teachers, professors or administrators I interviewed believes the Eleven Plus (or any other examination for that matter) can measure with complete accuracy the adult abilities dormant in a child at eleven. The bright child may slow down in his teens, the apparent dullard change into a top scholar as adolescence approaches. Some children simply can't show their true paces in examinations. Not one of these experts in the same time offers an acceptable alternative method of selecting children for free higher education.

Is the government likely to soften and kill off the Eleven Plus bogy? The last time the subject was thoroughly aired the minister of education, Sir David Eccles, was asked to set up a committee to study the merits and demerits of the examination. He refused. It was the government's opinion that the best way of providing equality of opportunity in education was to make *all* secondary schools good in their various ways. A labor MP, Anthony Greenwood, suggested that the most objectionable aspect of the examination was the segregation of the nation's children at the tender age of eleven. Would the minister confirm that it was government policy to end the practice? Sir David: I could not give a sweeping assurance of that kind. ★

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MACLEAN'S



For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

sometimes upsets their nervous system. They have come seeking reassurance.

And when one listens closely to hear what the religions have been telling these new devotees the picture gets even more muddled. Theologians in the church are saying one thing, psychologically oriented preachers another. The former direct their aim at the disillusioned, despairing, cheerful intellectual, while the latter are preoccupied with the obsessions of an expanding leisure-minded middle class. While church theologians are busy making capital of intellectual fears, many pulpits are working overtime attempting to dispel psychological and emotional fears. The philosophers of religion are writing about the need to see life as a permanent crisis. The preachers, however, are doing their best to assure their parishioners that conflicts are not real but imaginary, and may in any case be prayed away. The theologians disturb those who are already disturbed, while the pulpiteers comfort those who are already comfortable. On the one hand a crisis theology, on the other an exhortation to think constructively, positively, prayerfully. One says that there are no solutions to our problems; the other urges us, in the words of the ad men to "bring our problems to church and leave them there."

Often it's a neurotic religion

Sitting side by side in the pews are people who have learned to "do the right thing for the wrong reason." The disillusioned liberals grow more and more unknown. The leisure-minded too are led away from social concerns to preoccupation with *self* fulfillment and *self* adjustment. Over-simplification and undue socialization—this is the standard diet in many houses of worship fed to people who are already suffering from an over-abundance of personal preoccupation.

As one who has many opportunities to come face to face with people of different faiths in the midst of their personal difficulties, I regret to report that too often they practise little more than a neurotic religion. Many dependent and emotionally immature people imagine that they can don a cloak of piety, grab the horns of the altar and quickly acquire a foolproof protection from anxiety and trouble. They're looking for short-cuts to circumvent the live and thorny problems. Unfortunately from what they have heard about religion from some of its over-eager salesmen it appeals to their cowardly feelings, not to their courage. Weak people are made weaker still.

As I go about visiting various universities, campuses in Canada and the United States, I find these emotional and spiritual frailties transplanted in different forms: intellectual timidity and cowardice. Many university religious advisers, like their urban counterparts, are basking in the glow of new successes. For virtually the first time in the twentieth century, they can report that many college students are attending services instead of debating religion. But I wonder if this outward success is not symptomatic of deeper injury. I have never



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Foster Hewitt, Canada's Voice of Hockey, says: "With over 6 million hockey fans tuned in to the Saturday night simulcasts (radio/TV)—as any second counts. To be sure of the split-second timing that is so essential, I depend on a quality Swiss watch. It is a marvel of accuracy ...year after year."

It pays to insist on a quality Swiss jewelled watch—and get the *big difference* that only inside quality of the movement can make. Then you can be sure of true value, accurate time-keeping, and long, trouble-free performance. While such features as shockproof, waterproof or dustproof can protect a good watch, they can't make a poor watch keep good time. Look first for a quality Swiss jewelled movement. It's jewelled in its very heart to cushion wear ... and thoroughly tested to assure performance worthy of the world's finest watch craftsmen.

Ask your jeweller to show you the inside difference in watches. Insist on a quality Swiss jewelled movement for lasting satisfaction. There is a quality Swiss watch to suit your personality ... and your pocket book!

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THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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Christmas is for faith

CANADIANS AT WORSHIP

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Christmas is for children

NANCY GOES TO A CONCERT

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Christmas is for dressing up

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CHATELAINE

The Canadian Home Journal

known great religion—the kind that fasts a lifetime through hot weather and foul—that was not born of great doubts along the way. If college students, at a time of life when they should be doubting constructively are not thinking their way up to a higher religion it may be that they too have become satisfied with too little religion too early.

What frightens me too as a religious leader is that religion seems to be reaching closer and closer to becoming a new idolatry—worshipped as a thing apart and in itself. Instead of acting as a channel—a means to an end—leading us to grapple seriously to the right of eternity with the massive blocks to peace and understanding. It is sitting off on the sidelines of life, moving farther and farther away from the real issues. One day—perhaps sooner than we think—the real test of spiritual strength will come to our society and then religion may fail. For it continues to busy itself answering questions that nobody is asking who will listen to what it is saying?

In its heyday religion was not concerned with society. It did not content itself with ecclesiastical niceties pronouncing pious mockery. It went straight into the marketplace and absolute monarchs condemned the "unexcusable wrongdoer" dethroned the righteous. Today it is busy combing its converts, creating its edifices uttering its sacrosanct syllables. It is all too sweet too mannerly too easy.

It needs, instead some hard questions—questions that require direct intelligible answers in language that is unmistakable. And no "me-too-ism" will satisfy religion has got to lead society, shape it and direct it or else it loses its claim to authority and ultimate significance. Instead of counting heads alone the religious invitations had better start dealing with some of these questions:

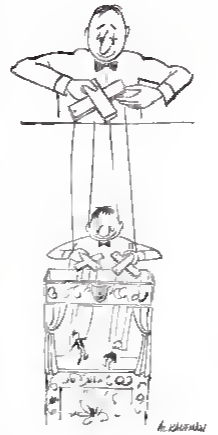
- Does your religious make room for those outside its community recognizing the equality of all men before God? If it does what practical united program for human group relations does it support and with which democratic ideas is it willing to co-operate?
- Does your group contribute to the lessening or the increasing of tensions in its view of peace among the nations? Does it take the matter of world peace seriously as one of its chief projects or does it sit on its hands keeping them spiritually clean, by minding its own business?
- Does it fight the materialism of an acquisitive society by rallying its faithful around a program of ethical behavior?
- Does it consciously and earnestly seek reconciliation between all peoples in spite of religious or political differences of ideology?
- Does it help its communicants rise above the cultural pressures of society or does it merely accept the prevailing mores of our communities?
- Is it committed to religion or to God? To its organization or to society? To self preservation or to the constant improvement of the spirit of man?

I agree that every man every group every nation and every church has a divine right to get to Heaven in its own way. What concerns me is only in the way in which churches and synagogues have been avoiding the issues that are right down to earth. To dignify our present flight to the religionless as a spiritual revival when our society hovers between life and death and organized religion remains silent on the major questions is to distort the meaning and the purpose of religion.

Only the religious like to speak of this phenomenon as a *return*. Who in his right mind wants a return? Religion's trouble comes from its peculiar nonplus about the past. It always stresses and proclaims the historical improbability that "once upon a time" man were better. He was good. God was in Heaven and all was right with the world.

What we need in a new birth of spirit—one capable of surviving the problems of this age. And while ecumenical conventions and meetings are necessary useful and constructive in matters ecclesiastical and theological there is another vital need — God alone knows it is no more important. The organized religions of the world need a counterpart to the United Nations — a continuing permanent World Congress of Religions where all men of spirit may be represented without impinging upon their organized sovereignty without disturbing their spiritual familiarities respecting and renouncing their "religious rights." An age that saw the downfall even of national man as a force that seemed impossible of being harnessed for constant an endeavor was followed by two world wars that helped give birth to the United Nations. Our age—where the problems of nations are no longer physical but principally ethical and spiritual—must also give rise to a new machine for solving the astonished moral problems of society.

Speaking of the future of the continent unification of Darwin's Origin of Species Sir Julian Huxley predicted that religion as we know them seem destined to disappear. If he is to be proved wrong—and I earnestly hope so—a radical religious revolution must first take place. And I for one am sure such a possibility only when the faith groups themselves begin to talk to one another work with one another and stand with one another — on a worldwide basis. Then they may save themselves because they will have helped to save the world. ★



MACLEAN'S

Mailbag

continued from page 4

McCarthyism still alive? An American comments

The false impression about the sterilization law

SEVERAL ARTICLES in recent issues of Maclean's have pointed to such phenomena as "U.S. belligerency," "American war hysteria," or the lunacy" of U.S. defense policy. I think it is time an American answered these charges. The usual form these criticisms take is not an objective analysis of the effect of American foreign and defense policies in themselves or in the security of the free world. Instead it is the "political atmosphere in Washington" or the general attitude of the U.S. that is subjected to attack. McCarthyism is implied but is nowhere. Somehow, U.S. policy is dictated by a shadowy group known as The Pentagon. Let us examine these two allegations.

McCarthyism was an outgrowth of the Korean War. Unfortunately intolerance and bigotry seem to be frequently associated with wartime efforts of democracies. The American and Canadian treatment of their loyal citizens of Japanese ancestry during World War II is an example of this. It should be remembered that 150,000 Americans were killed or wounded by the Communists in the Korean War. If there is some measure of plans McCarthyism as it does not of course excuse it. But the belief that McCarthyism is still alive to the surprise of the U.S. is just ill founded. McCarthy was censured by the U.S. Senate, a very rare action. The power of congressional committees to pillory witnesses purely for the sake of exposing them just has been sharply curtailed by the U.S. Supreme Court. Finally the name of McCarthy is the kiss of death in American politics today.

What about the Pentagon either naively or diabolically leading the world itself inclined) to inflict nation? Does it really frame national policy? Of course not. The tradition of civilian control of the military is as much a part of American government as it is of British or Canadian government.

Thinking Americans welcome the kind objective criticism that Canada offered U.S. at the height of the McCarthy period and they respect Canadian ideas in foreign and defense policies. I realize, though, that there has often been little Canada could do but follow the lead of the U.S. Canada can and should make its voice heard in the planning councils of the free world. But it seems to me the way to make Canadian ideas and criticisms effective is certainly not for Canada to take a "stand-offish" attitude toward the U.S. and NATO as has been suggested by some writers. Such an attitude would both lessen Canadian influence in the formulation of Western policy and further divide the already fragmenting North Atlantic Alliance.

What we surely need is *more* unity not less. Let us hope that more people will come to realize, as Benjamin Franklin once did that "We must all hang together or most assuredly we shall all hang [illegible]." — WILLIAM M. IRVINE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Sterilization: legal or illegal?

Re your article on the Canadian father who had to go to the U.S. for a male sterilization operation (Background Sept. 24): I would like to point out that he could have saved himself a lot of unnecessary expense by applying to the Parents' Information Bureau Ltd., 410 King St. W., Kitchener. Ont. I quote from their booklet issued to me this year:

"There is no law against voluntary sterilization in Canada but opponents attempt to leave that impression. Many hospitals refuse to permit sterilization apparently due to the influence of opponents. Male sterilization is a minor operation which consists of untying and tying back small tubes that are near the surface. The operation is quite simple and can be performed in a few minutes in a doctor's office. The Parents' Information Bureau has arranged over 1,000 sterilizations performed by co-operative surgeons and not one patient has expressed regret to the Bureau."

It is too bad that work done by this group is not more widely known. More people of limited incomes and those wishing to spare their families would find things so much easier if they knew of this simple and fine work. — MRS. A. HENRY, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

I was quite interested in the story on sterilization. I have had legal advice several times and understand the Criminal Code makes no reference to sterilization specifically but does protect doctors in all provinces from claims for damages for any operation performed for the benefit of the patient. It is a matter of interpretation whether the operation was for the benefit of the patient. Opponents of sterilization like to decide for the patient what is good for him. To my knowledge over 1,000 cases of sterilization have been performed in Canada by doctors. I do not think there is a case on record in Canada of damages being collected on account of a sterilization operation. This would seem to contradict the warnings that sterilization is illegal. — A. R. KAUFMAN, KITCHENER, ONT.

Richler and the Canadian Jew

Where has Mordecai Richler (We Jews are almost as bad as the Gentiles. For the Sake of Argument, Oct. 22) been living all these years? As "an angry young man" he's a total fizzle. — HAL EPSTEIN, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

As one who grew up in the same milieu (in fact on the same street) as Richler, I know that his literary output to date has been based on the exploitation of a quite minimal adolescent rejection of a confusing and difficult environment. But how long can one continue to be an adolescent? — O. L. GARMAISE, MONTREAL, QUE. ★

The invisible author

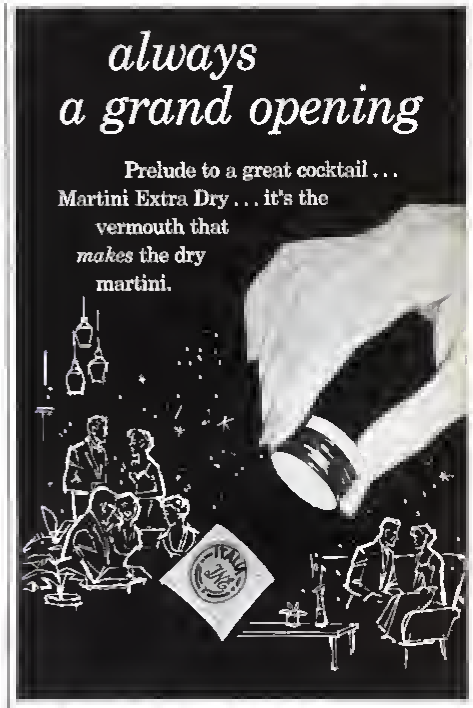


The Invisible Underplayed (Nov. 19) was written by Roy Gardner, Maclean's regional editor for the west coast, whose keen-eyed likeness appears at the right. To some readers however, this information was not visible, dull-eyed editors passed thousands of copies carrying blank space where Gardner's name should have appeared. For them and for Mr. Gardner here is what was missing:

By Roy Gardner

always
a grand opening

Prelude to a great cocktail . . .
Martini Extra Dry . . . it's the vermouth that *makes* the dry martini.



EXTRA DRY

MARTINI

VERMOUTH

How dry is a dry martini? Delightfully dry if you mix it with the authentic ingredient . . . Martini Extra Dry vermouth. Lighter in color . . . not quite so bitter . . . Martini Extra Dry is great straight . . . on the rocks . . . or as a long drink with soda and ice. Next time, call for pleasure. Call for Martini Extra Dry vermouth.

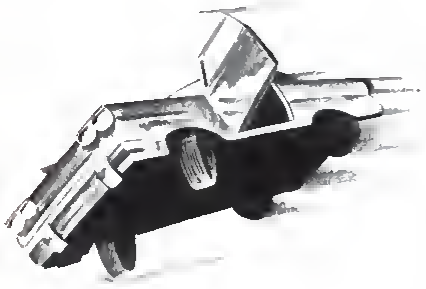
You'll also enjoy Martini & Rossi — red sweet vermouth; Bianco — very sweet white vermouth, Asti Spumante — sparkling white wine, Chianti Melini — red table wine, Orvieto Melini — dry white wine.

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MACLEAN'S

Parade

Another way to write nothing

A London Ontario kindergarten goer who is just beginning to recognize simple numbers was getting a run through from his mother. "What comes after seven? Eight." What comes before five? "Four." What comes before one? "Nothing." Then the mother tossed a curve — how would you write nothing?" Replied the junior genius, "You use a broken pen with no ink."

* * *

Some of these car jockeys on Toronto parking lots are pretty capable fellows. This jock had a customer who was fuming because his car was penned in by about four other cars, but in no time the attendant had parked one of the cars because there was no room on the lot then managed to shove the other three out of the way to release the irate motorist's sedan. Quickly he shunted three cars back into their slots and went to retrieve the other from the street, and the whole operation didn't take more than six minutes. But now it was the irate jockey's turn to fume for there was a cop hanging a ticket on the nut at the curb — a cop with deaf ears to his anguished protests and eyes only for the "No stopping" sign overhead.

* * *

A Vancouver couple spent a glorious fall weekend at a small resort in the Fraser canyon. One surprisingly warm afternoon they just sat and basked in the sun while their four year old son played at collecting tiny shaped rocks a few feet down the trail. Suddenly mother screamed — a big brown bear had appeared from behind the cabin and was shuffling right up to young Ross. Father



shot out of his chair to the rescue but before he had covered half the distance young Ross had discovered the bear for himself, lobbed him on the nose with a funny-shaped rock and sent the beast bounding.

* * *

A Parade spy in Oshawa, Ont., reports that the other Saturday night he saw a car at a drive-in hamburger counter with the names "Ted—Joan" taped on in glowing red on the bumper. He didn't send his report though until the following Saturday night when he saw the same car at the same drive-in flashing "Ted—Diane."

For thirty years the manager of Edmonton's municipal airport has zealously guarded his runways from unauthorized aircraft, fearless sightseers and day-dreaming lovers but he's still rubbing his eyes at one recent apparition. At first he thought it must be a mirage when he spotted the elderly cowpoke riding his



horse across the airfield but when accosted the old range rider spoke right up and said how nice it was to find a big field like this for a shortcut across town.

* * *

We wouldn't have believed it if it had been reported from anywhere but Victoria. But there's a fellow there who takes his wife for a ride at the same time as he gives the dogs their daily run. She sits in the truck holding the leashes for all six.

* * *

Window card in a small restaurant in Montreal's East End: "Pizza, Chinese an' Bar-B-Q."

* * *

Late harvest note: A lone red squirrel determined to clear the entire crop from a huge butternut tree on the southern shore of Ontario's Lake Simcoe, found a hideaway that seemed impregnable enough to handle the full load. Before being interrupted he had stowed away 72 butternuts in the cool springs behind the head lights and amid the wiring of a car parked all weekend beneath the tree.

* * *

A University of British Columbia professor who makes almost a ritual of walking to work, rain or shine, consented to accept a lift from a friend who overtook him hiking along through a heavier than usual coastal mist. As the professor climbed in, the driver noticed he wore only one rubber and exclaimed sympathetically, "Lost a rubber, huh?" When the professor merely answered no his friend demanded, "Then it's a bit odd wearing only one!" The professor said no again, adding, "Only one shoe has a hole in it." ★

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